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E. Leslie Gunster

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Dorothy Wilding

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COUNTRY LIFE

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FOOD SHORTAGE

WHILE it may be premature to envisage the spectre of famine stalking the world, in the first post-war Winter, it seems clear that neither in this country nor in America are the facts of the food situation generally recognised. Our Allies across the Atlantic are being warned by the Secretary of Agriculture that there will have, in the interests of liberated Europe, to be "a reduction of about five per cent. from last year's record eating spree." Our own Minister is issuing figures which show that the response of the public to the appeal for adult volunteers on the farms is so inadequate as to threaten both the vital potato and sugar-beet harvests. Much good food is being ploughed back and the War Office has been difficult and bureaucratic in its handling of the problems of prisoner-of-war labour. These facts hardly suggest that the nation and its rulers are estimating at its proper value the very serious situation rapidly arising from the breakdown of European agriculture and food transport.

The trouble is that the shortage is by no means confined to Europe, and that it is, in essence, even more a shortage of shipping than of production. U.N.R.R.A. may have similar powers to those exercised by Mr. Hoover, as the World's Food Dictator at the end of the last war, but the proportion of shipping available compared with the food to be carried is much smaller. Nor are the figures with regard to production reassuring for the future. It has just been announced that the World's Conference of Producers arranged for October has been postponed until next May. When the Conference does meet, one of the starkest of realities which it will have to face is the outcome of the long drought which—though it has been kept a war-time secret from the British public—has not only threatened the food supplies of the Allied armies in the Pacific area, but has laid waste Australia's best wheatlands, has killed 7,000,000 sheep and cost £70,000,000 already. In a country where wheat surpluses have, for generations, provided the greatest of its national problems, bread rationing is being proposed, and such is the shortage of barley and feeding-stuffs to supplement the burnt-up pastures that State Governments are discussing a ban on the national sport of horseracing and a prohibition of brewing. Though Australia is far too rich an agricultural country to be permanently ruined by the drought of the past two and a half years, its results cannot but have a profound effect upon the actual international arrangements made for the immediate future by the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations.

Incidentally the drought has shown both

on how slender a foundation rest the hopes of those who talk so glibly of buying cheap food for industrial populations in the world's markets, and how correspondingly baseless are the fears of those who dread the effect of such a proceeding on their own agriculture. Such things are obviously just not going to happen; and Mr. Hudson's argument that producers' prices in the "wide open spaces" can never return to those of the days when virgin soil was being callously exploited, that they must take account of the cost of fertility conservation and spread the disastrous losses which long periods of drought entail, receives a triumphant, if painful, vindication. The famines and the gluts must be evened out, and the only policy which will make this possible is one of co-operation on the lines foreshadowed by the Sydney Conference and now set on a wider international basis by the decisions taken at Hot Springs and San Francisco.

FIRST VISIT

HOUSE, I have rung your bell, and there I stand
One long slow minute. All unknown as yet
Your welcome; maybe you and I will nod,
Indifferent, and never speak a word;
Or on your stairway little creeping feet
Of fear will follow me, and pictures breathe
Your hatred as I pass. Or you will smile
With lovely certainty (as houses can,
Who know their friends more suddenly than man),
And give me both your hands. And I'll return
Again and yet again, maybe, in dreams
Or presence, to renew the benison
Of cool and quiet passages, and rooms
Grown old in graciousness. I will not fail;
I will not pry, and I will not presume,
Whose first love was a house,—whose heart is held

By brick and stone as not by flesh and blood . . .
Be ready, house, for any moment now
They'll come and let me in. They'll shake my hand,
And I shall speak to them, and they to me,
While you and I stand dumb. But we shall have
No need of hands and voices, you and I;
For we shall hear the beating of our hearts,
And meet each other's eyes, and understand.
Hush! I can hear their footsteps. Now we'll know.

BARBARA LEA.

COMMUNITY CENTRES

It is a question whether people are really so gregarious as many social reformers believe. But assuming they are not positively snobbish (as one recent report on Youth calls it) about being alone, the enrichments of leisure obtainable through the provision, and imaginative organising, of Community Centres are beyond argument, and not only in the case of adolescents. For the young they should give scope for all the activities offered to the more fortunate at public schools: facilities for organised games, hearing and making music, seeing and performing plays, painting pictures, doing photography, and no less just meeting, talking, eating, and dancing in agreeable surroundings. Both the recent report of the Youth Advisory Council appointed by the Ministry of Health (chairman, the Headmaster of Shrewsbury) and the published views of Sir Noel Curtis Bennett, Chairman of the National Playing Fields Association, agree on these broad requirements and point, among other benefits, to the character-forming and, no less, the taste- and mind-forming effect of properly furnished Centres. In most large towns it will not be possible, even if it were desirable, to cater for all these activities in a single centre or group of centres: the playing fields with their pavilions and canteens would generally have to be further out than the buildings used for indoor pursuits, which need to be readily accessible. Each town must plan its recreation system according to circumstances. But the different sides could well be affiliated, and in some cases there may be a largish unwanted country house, or even some historic building on the outskirts, that could serve many if not all of the required purposes. Lord Zetland last week raised in COUNTRY LIFE the question of the future of

Montacute, not far outside the busy town of Yeovil. Though it is aimed at making the great house primarily a museum and national "cultural centre," it is adaptable to serve some of the uses of a local community centre as well, and there are many such: Reigate Priory for instance.

SEEING MIDDLESBROUGH

THE Victoria County History of the North Riding describes Middlesbrough as remarkable for a town of its size in consisting entirely of modern buildings. A great industrial port and shipbuilding centre, it is rarely seen as anything else. Yet Mr. Max Lock, in his town-planning report on the borough, is enthusiastic about its capabilities—with its setting of good agricultural and scenic country to the south, and its industrial area neatly segregated to the North, along the Tees and the town still decently separated from its neighbours. His scheme is to retain and make the most of these advantages and, without drastically disturbing the existing layout, to make Middlesbrough, during the next 30 years, a town worth living in and worth seeing. His plan is notable in demonstrating how effectively—and in this instance easily—all the requirements of theoretical planning can be applied to an actual organism: the civic and cultural centre, the parkway, the neighbourhood unit, the shopping centre, green wedges, and so on. In this sense it is a model for all industrial towns to emulate. When it is realised, we may well be visiting Middlesbrough especially to see the best example of a modern English town. Incidentally the report is refreshing as expressing itself quite satisfied with the powers provided under the existing Town and Country Planning legislation.

BOMBS ON GRASSHOLM

AMONG the many attitudes of mind which this war has presumably been waged to dispel it is difficult to select the exact combination responsible for the bombing of Grassholm. A plea of complete ignorance will not carry the defence very far; only two years ago the facts about our one large breeding station for gannets were brought to the notice of authority and by a last-moment intervention the island was spared. It has been bombed during this breeding season, however, and that no careless individual's error of judgment was responsible is evident from the official statement that "discussions are in progress" as to its continued use as a target. We are left with the alternatives of a totally perverted sense of values, a delight in destroying things that are irreplaceable and an overweening determination not to be thwarted by any considerations whatever, all of them no less hateful in the London of to-day than in the Rome or Berchtesgaden of yesterday. Surely this is a case where a shrug of the shoulders and a muttered allusion to destruction everywhere is an insult to the intelligence! Or is the spectacle of half a world in tragic ruins to be held an enduring justification of deliberate vandalism?

BLUE BLOOD PLASMA

A RUSSIAN professor in the town of Molotov, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, has produced a new preparation for use as "a blood substitute against shock," closely resembling blood plasma, the basis of which is a natural mineral water of the locality. The preparation is to be called "Blue Blood." Fervid admirers of our great Ally may overcome their embarrassment at the choice of his particular name, let alone at receiving a dose of the fluid, by explaining that *Iolanthe* is unknown in Russia. Others may find consolation among present doubts by recalling Gilbert's lines:

Hearts just as brave and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the purer air of Seven Dials,

or, to bring the verse up to date, Njni Novgorod or Stalingrad. To which, however, it is now open to the comrades to rejoin: "Blue Blood? Better the red corpuscles of a worker than veins full of Vichy water!"

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

LEARN that in Standsted Forest, which is part of the old Forest of Bere mentioned in some of my Notes recently, there is a small Norman chapel dedicated to St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunting, on the walls of which are worn frescoes, some 600 years old, depicting scenes in the life of this holy flower of hounds. St. Hubert, who died as far back as 825 A.D., began his career as a huntsman, taking up religion quite late in life through seeing a vision while stalking a stag. He advanced very rapidly in his new calling despite his late start, being almost immediately appointed to the bishopric of Tongern, and ending up as the bishop of Liege.

Here, in this tiny chapel, which is kept in a good state of preservation, the King's hounds and huntsmen were blessed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries at the commencement of each hunting season, and it would be most interesting to be able to go back along that mysterious and undiscovered fourth dimension to see the ceremony. To study the type of hound used in those days to drive the deer past the royal butt, or to corner the savage wild boar; to view the kit worn by the huntsmen and party; and to discover which of our past monarchs used the old-fashioned long bow, and which the more modern and not-so-sporting cross-bow. I have no doubt there was a considerable amount of feeling in royal and baronial communities when this new weapon, which never really caught on in the best sporting circles in England, was first introduced from the Continent. One can imagine my old friend, Sieur Piers de Comyn—who I know existed because I have seen his name where he wrote it on a refectory wall in the twelfth century while on a Crusade—objecting strongly to the inclusion in his shooting syndicate of a suggested new member on this score: "Damned little squirt isn't strong enough to draw a long bow and shoots with one of these new-fangled things the Dagos use, and which has to be wound up with a handle. Shoots slap into the thickest covert with the thing too, and last time I had the misfortune to be out with him he killed two beaters. Moreover, as you would expect, he was a conscientious objector when we were calling up men for the Second Crusade."

* * *

IN the days between wars I was an honorary member, or guest, of a small club which claimed St. Hubert as its patron saint, and concerned itself with bloodhound trials which were held on the open downs to the southwest of Salisbury. From the high ground one obtained a glorious view of the hounds—working singly of course and not in a pack—following the scent left by runners who had laid the trails the night before. I have used the demonstrative pronoun "the" in this case as, I take it that, the bloodhound on his own is not entitled to the distinctive elimination of the word, which is a *sine qua non* when one mentions stag, fox and other hounds working as a pack.

To those interested in that fascinating study, hound-work, it was all most instructive, and the assembled party were not all of them present for amusement only as among them were always a number of Chief Constables from the neighbouring counties, taking a professional interest in the proceedings. At the conclusion of the trials one was able to meet at close quarters the hound one had watched as a far-distant moving speck, working a line across the open country on the trail of the quarry,



Frank Illingworth

AN ICELANDIC GYRFALCON'S EYRIE
The noisy eyases and their mother

The bloodhound is probably the rarest of our dogs—one seldom, if ever, sees a specimen in the streets—and quite a number of people, who have never seen one in the flesh, obtain their impression of the breed from those thrilling stories they read in their youth of escaped slave hunts in the southern states of America, and huge ravening brutes, baying blood-thirsty howls, as they worked through the cane thickets towards their trembling quarry whom shortly they would tear to pieces.

IT comes as something of a shock, and perhaps a disappointment, when one has this vivid picture in one's mind, to see an over-headed, under-bodied animal with poorish hindquarters, and no visible indication of great strength; also to look at a canine face, which is not all glaring eyes and bared teeth as one would expect, but a very wrinkled and worried one with sad tired eyes, suggestive of that of some sweet-natured old governess who has brought up to a satisfactory adolescence at least three families of unruly boys. I do hope that bloodhound owners will not arise in wrath against me for these not altogether complimentary remarks about their chosen breed, because I feel that, if it had ever been my luck to possess a bloodhound, he or she would have won my heart completely—I can never resist an animal who has a secret sorrow.

THE modern systems of cultivation, which the needs of this war have hastened, and which include among other things three-year leys for hay and grazing with, in many parts of the country, the levelling and elimination of non-essential hedgerows, have done much in the way of increasing feed for additional stock, and some of the crops of clover and rye grass on leys in these parts are so heavy that the cutting and making of them is a problem in this uncertain climate.

Their dense clover cover, unfortunately, attracts the partridges as a nesting site now that so many old ones have been destroyed and with the new high-speed tractors drawing the cutter, and a 6-ft. knife, the young birds, and in many cases the parent also, are unable to escape. On one estate in South Hampshire I hear that 16 nests with eggs or young birds were destroyed in one day while the cutter was at work in the clover and rye grass leys this Spring. In the old days of the more leisurely horse-drawn cutter the ability of the average driver to detect a partridge's or plover's nest in the long grass at a distance of 10 yards—or at any rate in time to lift the knives before disaster occurred—was an exhibition of that regard for wild life which is a feature of the true countryman, and which is in some degree responsible for the bird population that this land maintains.

HEIGHTS AMONG THE LINCOLNSHIRE WOLDS

By R. T. LANG

WOLD is a good, old-English word, signifying an area of rolling hills, not very high; we get it in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, in the Cotswolds and in the weald of Kent and Sussex. The Lincolnshire wolds are two lines of upland, scarcely ever more than 500 feet high, one running from north of Grantham to the Humber near Winteringham, the other from north of Spilsby to near Barton upon Humber. Between them are charming vales, and the area will provide a happy surprise to those who know Lincolnshire only as a flat country of marsh and fen. For this is a land of secluded hamlets, of rich, rural pictures and historic charm.

Taking Grantham as a convenient starting-point, let us go northward by Belton and Syston, through a region which Sir Walter Scott described as "one of those beautiful scenes so often found in merry England, where the cottages, instead of being built in two direct lines on each side of a dusty high road, stand in detached groups, interspersed not only with oaks and elms but with fruit trees." It is a foretaste of a lovely land.

At Caythorpe, where the church has an elegant central arcade, believed to be unique in England, built about 1320, the swell of the wolds begins, as we run down and up into pretty Fulbeck. It is as quaint a bit of old England as you will see, with a well-restored village cross, a hall which has been the home of the Fanes since 1632, and an 11th-15th-century church. Beyond Leadenham the road climbs to the summit of the wold ridge at Wellingore, with spreading views over to the west and a church which goes back to 1160.

Even finer grow the views to Navenby, once a market town, now just a slumbering village with an old church, in which there is an exquisite Easter sepulchre and chancel. At last the road drops from the ridge to Bracebridge, then runs up the main street of Lincoln to the Stonebow, the 15th-century gateway which occupies the site of the south gate of the Roman city.

Here we turn westward to pass the Foss Dyke, said to be the oldest artificial canal in England. It was dug by the Romans, and William Camden tells us that it was deepened and made partially navigable in 1121. Then past Torksey, where Paulinus, in his mass-production campaign for Christianity, baptized his usual thousands, in 621, and on to Marton, where builders and architects may be interested in the church. It has foundations of no more than two feet of loose pebbles and sand, but has been standing securely on these since 1154.

So through Lea, where Oliver Cromwell

gained his first great victory, to Gainsborough, standing, as George Eliot described it, where "the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea, and the loving tide, rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an impetuous embrace." It is a busy market town, with a history going back to the day in 868 when Alfred the Great married Queen Ealnswith here. It has a hall built in 1480 and restored in 1884, a good specimen of a baronial hall, at which Henry VIII and Queen Katherine Parr were entertained, and the Congregational chapel built in memory of John Robinson, the Puritan pastor of the town.

A national religious shrine, Epworth, the birthplace in June, 1703, of John Wesley, stands 13½ miles to the north-west. In 1709 the rectory was burned by rioters, in consequence

of the strong Hanoverian leanings of the rector, Samuel Wesley, John Wesley's father, and it was from this fire that the child John was "plucked like a brand from the burning." The base of the cross—crowned by a curious combination of lamp-post and signpost—from which John Wesley preached, is still standing, a memory of the founder of Methodism, although R. S. Hawker would not say anything better about him than that he had "made the people of Cornwall change their vices." Here the road runs through Axbolme, a river-made island, parts of which are still eight feet below the sea high-water mark. Round by Double Rivers we go to 1½ miles past Ashbyville corner, there to turn south along a road which follows the top of the wold ridge to Lincoln. Five and a half miles farther on comes Kirton-in-Lindsey, a



Will F. Taylor

GLENTWORTH—A TYPICAL WOLD SCENE



Walter Scott

TATTERSHALL CASTLE AND CHURCH FROM THE SOUTH-EAST



RUINS OF THORNTON ABBEY, THE CHIEF REMNANT OF WHICH IS THE GATEWAY OF 1382

ittle old market town, whose church has an unusually fine 12th-century tower and south doorway, and a rare painting of the seven sacraments: baptism, confirmation, the Eucharist, penance, holy orders, matrimony and extreme unction.

Happy little villages lie on either side of

the road, one of which, Glentworth, offers a typical wold scene. The Hall contains parts of the house built, with the aid of grants from the profits of the Mint, by Sir Christopher Wray, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1571 and later Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench; his portrait and that of his wife, in the full dress

of the period, are in the old church. Fillingham Castle, built in 1760, stands on the left of the road; half a mile to the right is the village, with the church (rebuilt in 1777, but retaining its 13th-century arcades) of which John Wycliffe was rector from 1360 to 1368. The number of villages just missed by the road is not an accident; in the "brave days of old"

villagers preferred to establish themselves off the main roads, infested as they were by thieves, robber gangs, baronial armies and other public nuisances.

On reaching Lincoln turn north again along the Roman Ermine Street, passing the Newport Arch, one of the best-preserved specimens of Roman architecture which we have left, and the only Roman gateway over a public road. Here again there is a notable absence of villages till the arrow-straight road is left for busy little Brigg. Bear away northward past Elsham Park to Barton-on-Humber, mentioned in 689, which had an important market and ferry by the time of *Domesday*, but, with the rise of Hull, Barton dwindled as a port. The tower of St. Peter's church, 70 ft. high, is one of the finest specimens of a Saxon tower in the kingdom; the upper part was added in the eleventh century. It was carefully restored by Hodgson Fowler in 1898. Specially interesting is what is sometimes called its "stone carpentry," panels of stone strips penetrating the walls, a forerunner of the wooden framework which we see in half-timbered houses. Another peculiar and interesting feature is an original Saxon oak shutter, in the annexe, with holes for light and air, so far as I am aware, unique. The church is mostly fourteenth century, but near it is the more beautiful 13th-century St. Mary's church. It was the church of the people and has handsome four-light windows and a large brass to Simon Seman, Sheriff of London, 1433, in his aldermanic gown.

There is a good view of the wide-spreading Humber as Barton is left for the road to Thornton Curtis, where the 13th-century church, restored in 1884, has a Norman north doorway and one of the thirteenth century (the latter with still some of the original ironwork) and a magnificent black basalt font of 1170. Half the shaft of the 15th-century octagonal cross stands in the churchyard. A mile and a half to the east are the splendid ruins of Thornton Abbey, the chief remnant of which is the noble gateway of 1382. The most beautiful ruin is that of the two sides of the octagonal chapter house, which was 43 feet in diameter. The buildings, originally, covered 100 acres, but, in the eighteenth century, some vandal discovered that the stones were good for road-mending!

Four miles more and the great woods of Brocklesby Park, covering 1,000 acres, spread by the side of the road. The Hall is the rambling brick and stone built home of the Earl of Yarborough; the east wing was rebuilt from Sir Reginald Blomfield's designs in 1898, after a fire. The 14th-century church, with monuments of the Pelhams going back to 1587, stands in the park. A prominent feature in the extensive park is the copper-roofed mausoleum which was built to Wyatt's design in 1794, in memory of Sophia, first Countess of Yarborough, with a beautiful stone statue of the countess by Nollekens. Its mound was an ancient barrow, wherein many urns have been discovered.

At Laceby crossroads turn right through curiously named



MAUSOLEUM BUILT IN 1794 AT BROCKLESBY PARK TO THE MEMORY OF THE FIRST COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH



Will F. Taylor

THE BARONIAL HALL AT GAINSBOROUGH AT WHICH HENRY VIII AND KATHERINE PARR WERE ENTERTAINED. IT WAS RESTORED IN 1884



Harold G. Gruinger

NEWPORT ARCH, THE ONLY ROMAN GATEWAY OVER A PUBLIC ROAD



National Buildings Record

SOMERSBY RECTORY WHERE TENNYSON WAS BORN IN 1809

Irby-on-the-Humber, for the Humber is a good ten miles away, and past the Saxon-towered church of Swallow to Cabourn, where there is another Saxon church tower, although the last 12 feet was added in 1882. To the north will be seen Pelham's Pillar, 128 feet high, erected in 1840-49 to commemorate the planting of 12½ million trees by that friend of good farming and forestry, the 1st Earl of Yarborough.

So on to Caistor, a pretty little town whose name betrays its Roman origin. The church stands in what was the centre of the Roman camp. Tradition says Rowena was here married to the British chief Vortigern in 453. Part of the Roman wall may still be seen south of the churchyard; the church has Saxon parts and one of the finest 13th-century doors in England, although the mediaeval ironwork has been restored.

Due south, the Saxon tower of Nettleton rises prettily through the trees, as the road runs on to Usselby, which owns the smallest church in the country. It is only 24 ft. by 20 ft., externally; the chancel is 12 ft. by 10 ft. 8 ins. Turn eastward at Market Rasen and on past the lovely Georgian hall of North Willingham until, after passing Ludford, a glorious view of Louth, lying ahead, opens out, with the great steeple of St. James's, 294 ft. high, pointing to the sky. It was built between 1501 and 1515, at a cost of £305 8s. 5d., was partly blown down in 1588 and struck by lightning, in 1634 and 1844. The weathercock is said to have been made (most probably built) out of booty captured at the battle of Flodden in 1513. Louth had nine religious guilds in the sixteenth century, and it was fear of confiscation of their property which caused the townspeople to join in the Pilgrimage of Grace. Henry VIII described Lincolnshire as (in the royal view) "one of the most brute and beastly" of the shires. Nowadays, Louth is a comfortable market town, with industries varying from pea-canning to the manufacture of agricultural implements.

Southward now to Burwell, which was once a market town, but its old Butter Cross is now used as a chapel. Almost two miles farther we turn off the main road for South Ormsby, on the edge of the wold ridge, where Samuel Wesley was rector before he went to Epworth. Those who care to drop into the church will see, on a brass of 1410, what a feminine hair-net was like at that period. The Lime Tree Walk, in the delightful park of the Hall, is famous.

Now comes the Tennyson country. Harvington Hall, two miles on, built in 1681, has still the old garden into which "Maud" was called to come. A mile farther is the pretty village of Bag Enderby, of which the poet's father was rector, along with Somersby; the church dates from 1390. Half-a-mile more and we reach the old rectory at which Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809. Here are still

The seven elms, the poplars four,
That stand beside my father's door.

Here the poet's first volume was written and published. The calm sweetness of the scene is over much of the work of this great poet; one feels it breathing in the air in this tiny spot, sequestered in its vale. On the other side of the road is the 15th-century church of which Tennyson's father was rector, with a church-yard cross of the same period which is one of the most graceful in England.

The country road continues to Horncastle, settled by the Romans, but probably, before them, a home of the ancient Britons. The 14th-century church of St. Mary, now extensively repaired and restored, contains a monument to Sir Ingram Hopton, who nearly captured Oliver Cromwell at the battle of Winceby in 1645. The scythe-heads in the church are relics of the rising of the Pilgrimage of Grace, occasioned in 1536-37 by the ecclesiastical and political reforms of Henry VIII. Close at hand are some quaint old buildings and the whole town has an unconventional, old-fashioned look.

Eight miles more brings Coningsby and Tattershall Castle—fully described in COUNTRY LIFE in July 1915. Then away across Anwick Fen to Sleaford, a busy market town, with fragments of a castle of 1130 which housed King John, Henry VIII and Katherine Parr. The spire of St. Denis's church, built about 1220, was one of the first broach spires in the kingdom. It was struck by lightning in 1884 and rebuilt exactly as before.

In six miles more comes Ancaster, probably the Roman Causennae, with a beautiful and interesting church of Ancaster stone, some part of which goes back to Norman days. Then straight away by Syston and Belton into Grantham, after a journey of rich beauty and rare interest, which will have convinced the traveller that there are other things in Lincolnshire than flat levels and racing tracks.

BAT MAKERS ARE BUSY AGAIN

*Written and
Illustrated by*
NORMAN WYMER



(Left) 1.—SPLITTING ROUNDS OF WILLOWS INTO SHAPES ROUGHLY RESEMBLING BLADES



(Right) 2.—TWO PERSONS ARE NECESSARY FOR CARRYING A BUNDLE OF CANE TO THE WORKSHED

(Below) 3.—SHAPING THE BLADE WITH A DRAW-KNIFE



In some of the country districts where willows prosper hand-craftsmen can now be found hard at work making cricket bats, more club and village cricket having made them busier than for some time.

There is a considerable art in making a bat with a good spring and balance, and it takes years of practice to make a skilled craftsman. From the time that the willow cutting is planted, it will be some 12 years before the tree is big enough for felling. Then, perhaps, it will yield some 36 bats; occasionally it may yield considerably more. One old craftsman told me with pride of a "real whopper" that had been made up into as many as 300. But that was the exception.

The willows are felled in Winter, but it is a year or more before they can be turned into bats. After felling they are sawn into rounds 28 inches long and split into shapes roughly representing blades (Fig. 1), the greatest care being taken to ensure that the splitting always follows the natural grain of the wood.

The craftsman stacks his "blades" in criss-cross tiers and leaves them exposed to the wind and rain, but sheltered from the sun, for 9 months, after which he will re-stack them indoors for a further 3 months.

The seasoning complete, the bat-maker then puts his blades, or "clefts," as they are called at this stage, through a "toughening-up" process. Each blade is passed between two hand-turned rollers, capable of exerting a pressure of some 2 tons to the square inch, and it is remarkable to see how the timber becomes steadily thinner and thinner. As one old crafts-

cricket ball. Nor is this the only part that has to be hardened, for the craftsman then proceeds to flat-hammer all round the edges of his cleft.

When he has finished all this, the craftsman takes his draw-knife and sets to work shaping the back of his blade before cutting the splice (Fig. 3).

Next comes the making of the handles, a work entrusted to only the most skilled. The handles are made of East Indies cane, and it takes two persons to carry a bundle of this cane to the little workshed (Fig. 2).

Here the craftsman saws his cane into handle lengths; planes them into rounds; glues the rounds together to form "slips"; and then, after letting in strips of rubber to provide the springing (Fig. 4), glues together his slips. The handle is now complete, and, after being cramped up (Fig. 5) to set and then shaped by draw-knife, is ready to be let into the splice—a process requiring the keenest accuracy and a critically sharp tool.

Altogether a bat handle comprises anything from 12 to 16 pieces of cane, and, after fixing his handle to his blade, the craftsman proceeds to give the whole bat a final shaping with his draw-knife and spoke-shave (Fig. 6). Many declare that this is the most difficult of all the branches of the craft, for one shave too much can well alter the entire balance of the bat—and balance is everything.

All that remains now is to smooth the bat with sand paper, burnish it, and then string the handle.

(Photog ap's by courtesy of Gray and Nicolls, at Robertsbridge, S. S. sex.)



4—INSERTING RUBBER STRIPS INTO THE HANDLE. (Middle) 5.—CRAMPING UP HANDLES TO SET. (Right) 6.—FINAL SHAPING WITH A SPOKE-SHAVE

PRINCIPLES OF FURNITURE DESIGN

By R. W. SYMONDS

THREE is so much misunderstanding as to what is good or bad in furniture design, that it is desirable to attempt some definition of the principles upon which design must be based, if furniture is to have an aesthetic quality. In this article it is shown how traditional furniture of the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries has a certain character and correctness in its design, owing to the great bulk of its being true to principles obtaining at that time. And in a second article, I will try to explain how modern furniture would appear if it were designed in accordance with the same basic principles, but brought up to date to suit the changed conditions of modern life.

From the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries a perfect system existed for meeting the public demand for furniture. It was a system of hand-craftsmanship, based on a strict sub-division of labour, and, as time progressed throughout these three centuries and the population and wealth of the country increased, the system was continually being expanded to meet the new demands placed upon it. Under the guidance of this system the range of articles of domestic furniture kept on increasing; furniture became more and more finely made; different types of construction and new forms of ornamentation were introduced and perfected; these in turn brought in new specialist craftsmen; and furniture became more convenient and comfortable, so that it kept in step with the refining of life and manners. All these changes grew one out of another in a true evolutionary way.

The system also took into consideration the economic side of furniture-making. Furniture ranged in quality and price to suit all grades of homes from the palace and the mansion to the cottage of the countryside. The higher grades of furniture were distinguished by a finer craftsmanship, finer woods, and more varied and ornate design. In the lower grades, in which the production was considerably greater, the design was more standardised, and the method of construction and the means of ornamentation more straightforward and simpler.



National Gallery

HOGARTH'S MARRIAGE-A-LA-MODE

An 18th-century room in which the decoration, the furniture, the clothes, the lighting fixtures and the ornament are all in harmony because they belong to an age in which a ruling style has dictated the design

The system also saw to the proper training of the craftsman; an essential factor to the well-being of a handicraft. A youth had first to be apprenticed to a master-craftsman, and after a term of seven years and when he had submitted his "proof piece" to his guild or company, to show that he had been "ably and

well-trained," he became a journeyman and now earned wages from a master-craftsman. After two years, or some other specified time, he could, if he wanted and had the wherewithal, set up on his own account and become a master. The furniture craftsman of these centuries was therefore properly trained. He fully understood his material; he was able to sense the fibrous quality of wood, and how it should be used, both structurally and decoratively; and he knew everything about the different varieties of timber, and how each was suitable, structurally and economically, as a furniture wood; and he was also well versed in the ways of furniture construction, according to whether he was a joiner, cabinet-maker, a joiner-chair-maker, or a turner-chair-maker.

But how, under this system, were the craftsmen instructed to design their furniture, for it was not left for each to go his own way? The first principle of design was fitness for purpose; it regulated the dimensions, and therefore dictated the proportion of such articles as chairs, tables, and beds. Chairs have seats 18 inches from the ground; tables to eat off, and write on, have tops 2 feet 6 inches from the ground; tables and sideboards to serve off are 3 feet, and beds are 6 feet 6 inches and longer.

Another important principle was that design follows construction. If a craftsman were a joiner, he would make his furniture in the solid wood, relying on mouldings and carving for decoration. A particular construction of the joiner's craft was one composed of small rectangular panels held in a framework of horizontal rails and vertical stiles. The panel was loosely held in grooves so that it allowed for shrinkage without splitting the wood. This panel construction was used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, not only for room panelling, but also for chests, cupboards, the backs of chairs and settles; in fact, the joiner made use of it wherever possible.

The cabinet-maker, on the other hand, had quite a different technique from that of the joiner; for his craft was brought to being in the time of Charles II, when it was wanted to make use of the figure and grain of the wood as the decorative feature of furniture. This then original idea of calling upon the rich figuring and marking of certain woods as a means of decorating furniture demanded an entirely new construction; for finely figured wood could not be used in the solid board—the joiner's way—for it would have meant a most extravagant use of expensive material. The craft of the cabinet-maker was therefore the overlaying of a carcass, made of plain and inexpensive wood, with sheets of veneer of finely figured wood, sawn in thicknesses of one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch. Joiners' furniture is therefore of an entirely different appearance from cabinet-makers' furniture. The surfaces of the former are broken up by numerous panels and their mouldings; the surfaces of the latter



A PRESS-CUPBOARD, DATED 1658
The joiner's panel construction dictates the design

are flush so that the rich figuring of the veneer is shown off to better advantage. Therefore, in the two types of furniture, each has its own individual character, because design follows construction.

A third principle was the way material affects design. Wood, for instance, demands certain ways of treatment, which treatment should be apparent in the design. Wood rails are joined by mortice and tenon joints held by pegs or glue; iron is joined by welding. A wood construction is unlike a stone construction; stone will remain in its position by reason of its weight; wood must be fixed. One builds with blocks of stone; a wood structure is formed of posts, rails, and boards; once cannot very well construct furniture out of blocks of wood. A cabinet with a front with hinged doors designed like a piece of toy architecture built of stone cannot but be of bad design. The designing of furniture out of keeping with its material was generally the work of the 18th-century architect, who, being used to designing in stone and brick, was unable to realise that aesthetically a design belonging to these materials could not be translated in wood.

The furniture craftsman, through his traditional training, was instinctively aware of these principles concerning construction and material, and it was only when in the eighteenth century he tried to be original, in his anxiety to please the extravagant tastes of his wealthy patrons, that he would go astray and forget the teaching of his craft. The joiner and turner who made the plain simple furniture for the countryside seldom transgressed the principles, and in consequence their products, in the form of Windsor and stick-back chairs, dressers, tables and chests often possess a greater aesthetic quality than is displayed by the more elaborate and finely made cabinet-ware of the large towns.

In judging the design of Windsor chairs, old Jacobean dressers and oak chests, it is essential that one should visualise these articles when freshly made of new planed or turned wood, with dull oiled, or glistening varnished, raw-coloured surfaces. Old furniture has been given an added value in modern eyes by the changing and the mellowing of the wood's colour by age, and the well-polished and worn surface—called patina—caused by long domestic usage. These qualities have nothing to do with design, although they have much to do with our present-day appreciation of old furniture.

Apart from the principles described, there was yet one other guide to design, and this was a ruling style, which dictated to all the handcrafts the then current idiom of design in the way of form, proportion and ornament. In



(Left) A CABINET, circa 1700. A cabinet-maker's production—a flush carcass of deal overlaid with walnut veneer to show off the figure of the wood. Coll. of Mr. J. G. Hart

(Right) "A CABINET DESIGNED LIKE A PIECE OF TOY ARCHITECTURE CANNOT BE BUT OF BAD DESIGN"

English traditional furniture the form and proportion were slow to alter, but ornament came and went at every whim of fashion. The carver and the inlayer, with a ruling style at hand, were never at a loss for appropriate ornament. Because there existed such a style in an age of traditional design, chairs, tables and case furniture in the form of bureau-bookcases, chests on stands, tallboys, wardrobes, became standardised to a greater or less degree in each period, and this in its turn assisted towards a high level of design being maintained.

Therefore this system of furniture-making with its handcraftsmanship, its properly trained and numerous sub-divisions of labour, its observance of the principles of construction and material, and its guidance by a ruling style,



worked to perfection in a small community such as England was in the seventeenth century with its 5 million inhabitants, and in the eighteenth century with its 5 to 7 million.

Only when the country showed signs of the coming of the Industrial Revolution in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, did this system begin to break up. Finally in Queen Victoria's reign the numerous units of production in the form of the various craftsmen's workshops became centralised in the factories of the newly-formed furniture industry. And with the passing of the system of handcraftsmanship English furniture lost all its old aesthetic significance. It had now become a product of a commercial age.

(To be concluded.)



(Left and Middle) CONTEMPORARY MID-18TH-CENTURY CHAIRS. Both of good design, each in its own way. One a chair of the countryside, of cheap wood, standardised design, mass produced. The other a superb example of handcraftsmanship, individual in design, of finest mahogany and made for the nobility without regard to cost. (Right) TABLE WITH AN ENVELOPE TOP. Of a traditional and pleasing design, both useful and ornamental. Constructed by the joiner with the legs decorated by the turner. Circa 1700

SWINBROOK, OXFORDSHIRE

THE HOME OF THE FETTIPLACES

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

LEAVING Asthall, explored the other day, to walk back to Burford one follows the Windrush to Swinbrook, a mile upstream. It is an old stone village on the north side of the valley with its churchyard at the level of the roofs of the houses which seem to rise out of it no higher than the abounding sculptured and lichenized altar tombs, as if century by century the burials had raised the ground level above the houses of the living. In the fine church crowning this pyramid the idea that much of the glory and most of the inhabitants of Swinbrook are underground is strengthened by the strange tiered effigies of the Fettiplace family, long dead lords of Swinbrook, lying like travellers in their bunks one on top of another as if there were not room for them side by side (Figs. 5 and 6).

The Tracys, the Lseys, and the Fettiplaces Own all the manors, the parks, and the places runs an Oxfordshire saying, and the name of Fettiplace certainly crops up continually in old annals all over Oxfordshire and Berkshire. Yet as country gentry they have long ago vanished from the scene, and all their houses with them, except for the grass-grown terraces of their great mansion of Swinbrook. It was to see what could be found about them here, their principal home from about 1500 to about 1800, that I set out, and have since been piecing together odd bits of information.

Like the Culpeppers of Sussex, the Fettiplaces whet curiosity if only by their delightful name. Then there is the legend, repeated by various local annalists, that one of them in the Middle Ages married a daughter of a King of Portugal. And their ending by the death of the last of them of apoplexy after the races in the Bull Inn at Burford in 1805. Bishop White Kennet, writing in the eighteenth century his *History of Ambrosden*, says: "The family of Fettiplace hath been of long standing and good account, having seats at Letcombe Regis, Chidley, and Besils

Lee near Abingdon afterwards the estate of Speaker Lenthall; as also at Swyncome near Watlington and Swinbrook near Burford," to which can be added Denchworth, like the three former in Berkshire, while further memorials to them can be found at Appleton, Kingston Bagpuize, Marcham, and Little Shefford, all too in Berkshire.

At the last of these is the Nottingham alabaster tomb with noble effigies of Sir Thomas Fettiplace and Lady Beatrice his wife—the reputed Princess of Portugal who died in 1447. How they came to marry, and who she really was, are questions worth a digression. Sir Thomas was descended from Adam Feteplace, merchant and mayor of Oxford in 1245, 1253-60, and 1267, the first of the family of whom there is authentic record and who established it territorially by buying Denchworth manor. In the reigns of the Edwards they were Berkshire squires, one, Sir Philip, being Knight of the Shire in 1301. Then in 1413 Thomas Fettiplace of East Shefford and Childrey was appointed Steward of the Manor and Hundred of Bampton by Gilbert Lord Talbot, k.g., elder brother of the great John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Not long afterwards Gilbert Talbot married a noble lady of Portugal.

"Much speculation has been wasted," wrote J. R. Planché (*Journal of the Archaeological Association*, 1860), "on the circumstances under which Lord Talbot first became acquainted with his bride," who has been confused with Beatrice, Countess of Arundel (1405), later Countess of Huntingdon (1433), illegitimate daughter of John I, King of Portugal, died 1439 and buried at Arundel. Lady Talbot was also named Beatrice, is definitely stated to have been Portuguese, and, from versions of her coat of arms quartering those of Portugal with a shield of five crescents, probably for Sousa, was apparently connected with its Kings. Planché worked out that Talbot's second



Photograph: John Piper

1.—AN ELIZABETHAN FETTIPLACE

marriage (his first wife was Joan Plantagenet, daughter of Thomas of Woodstock, son of King Edward III) took place about 1415; and that in 1414-15 a party of English knights had attended a grand tournament at Lisbon, afterwards joining John I of Portugal in an expedition against the Moors. Probably the widower Gilbert Talbot was one of these visiting knights. His bride, it is concluded, was a daughter of Lope Diaz de Souza, grandson of an illegitimate son of King Alfonso III died 1279. Talbot died in 1419 and his Steward at Bampton subsequently married his widow.

Sir Thomas Fettiplace left three sons, of whom the youngest, John, described as citizen and draper of London, became a member of the household of Henry VI and, no doubt owing to his connections, was appointed to carry the insignia of the Garter to the King of Portugal. This John seems to have succeeded both his elder brothers at East Shefford since he bequeathed it in 1464 to his son Richard who married the heiress of the Besils of Besils Leigh near Abingdon.

Swinbrook House is said to have been built about 1490 by Anthony Fettiplace, probably a son of this John. The antiquary Rawlinson, who made MS. notes, now in the Bodleian, on the house at the beginning of the eighteenth century, gives a long list of the armorial bearings in the windows of the hall, but unfortunately no description of the building, nor so far as I can find has any description of it been published. It is said to have occupied a site south of the church known as "Pebble Court," and the garden to have extended almost to Widford, the next hamlet up the valley. In the intervening fields westward the hillside is serrated by the terraces of a great formal garden (Fig. 1), but it is not easy to relate these with the reputed site south of the church where the ground falls steeply. Probably, like Stanton Harcourt, another great Oxfordshire house which has largely disappeared, it was a rambling quadrangular building adjoining the church to the south and west, and no doubt built of the abundant local stone.

The subsequent history of the family is summarised in the inscriptions on the fascinating monuments in the church (Fig. 2). The earlier group was erected by Sir Edmund



2.—ALTAR TOMBS IN SWINBROOK CHURCHYARD



3.—THE VALLEY OF THE WINDRUSH AT ASTHALL, JUST BELOW SWINBROOK

Fettiplace, died 1613, "who appointed this tomb to be made for himself and these his ancestors." Sir Edmund occupies the top shelf, his father William the middle, who married the daughter and heiress of Sir Edmund Ashfield and died 1562 *vite patris*, and the bottom by Alexander Fettiplace his grandfather, died 1564. The series is continued by the adjoining monument erected in 1686 by Sir Edmund Fettiplace 2nd baronet, "in memory of his uncle, his father, and

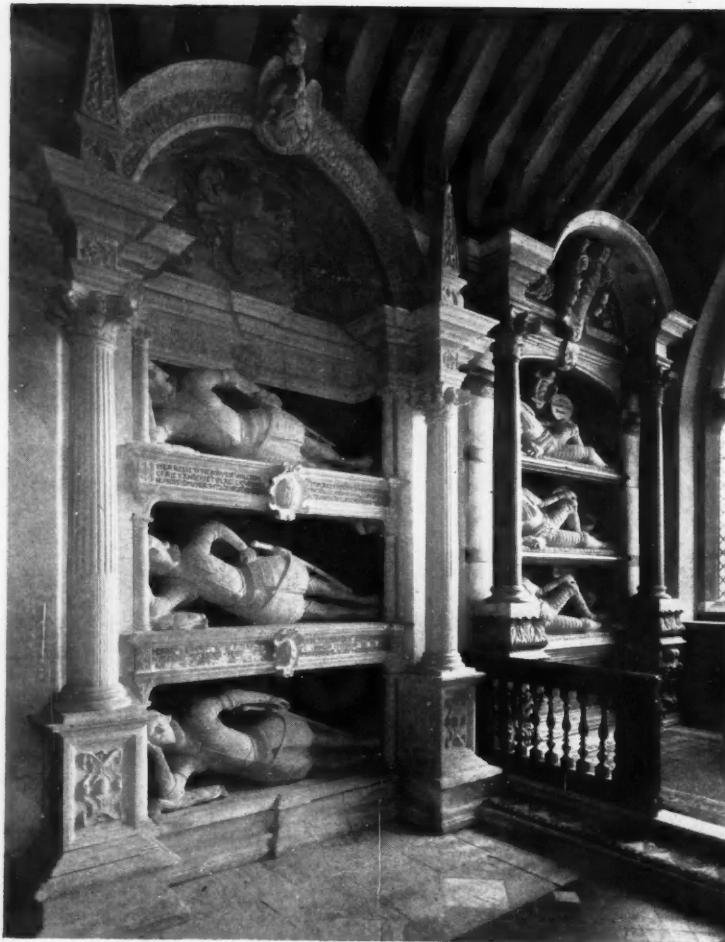
himself." The earlier Sir Edmund's son John, who died a bachelor in 1657 aged 76, lies at the bottom; in the middle the latter's nephew Sir John, created a baronet in 1661 "in consideration of services and sufferings incurred in the cause of Charles I," who inherited the family estates and died in 1672 aged 49; and at the top his son Sir Edmund.

The monuments are no less interesting as sculpture than as history. The extraordinary device of erecting two sets of almost

identical effigies is accounted for by both being retrospective and the later set having evidently been designed to follow the style of the older. The earlier monument is clearly by a Burford mason and reproduces characteristics to be found in 16th- and early 17th-century monuments in Burford church, notably the Harman memorial (1569) and the long series of identical Sylvester monuments erected 1575-1650, one of which grew by vertical additions during that period. All have



4.—GARDEN TERRACES ON THE VALLEY SIDE—ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE GREAT HOUSE OF THE FETTIPLACES AT SWINBROOK



5.—THE TUDOR FETTIPLACES. Erected by Sir Edmund Fettiplace, c. 1613. Carved by a Burford mason



6.—THE STUART FETTIPLACES. Erected by Sir Edmund, 2nd baronet, 1686. William Byrd of Oxford, sculptor

the same primitive classic architecture retaining traces of Gothic, as in the angel holding a shield on the pediment. The effigies (Fig. 5), reclining in their armour, one hand on the hip, the other supporting the head, look acutely uncomfortable but contrive to smile benignly (Fig. 1). The later monument is signed by William Byrd, the Oxford mason-sculptor whose best known work is the Garden Quad at New College. In his memorials he favoured a recumbent posture (*cf.* Richard Baylie, St. John's College and, on Mr. Edmund Esdaile's attribution, Sir Richard Knight at Chawton). Here it was prescribed by the earlier group, but it is instructive to see to what extent he departed from the primitive rigidity of the Tudor Fettiplaces. The Stuart Fettiplaces are awake and stirring, as if they had heard something that might be the Last Trump, whereas their predecessors remain blandly unconscious. The colouring of the Byrd monument is magnificent—a pink veined marble in the pediment and imposts, black columns and shelves, with the enrichments gilt and heraldry fully tinted. In that connection it is worth recalling that Byrd was the inventor of a method of staining marble which impressed contemporaries.

The inscription on the base of this memorial records that Sir John, the 1st baronet "left behind him 5 sons, Edmund, John, Charles, Lorenzo, and George." They all, save John, succeeded in turn to the title and estates, and all died unmarried: Sir Edmund, who had erected the monument, in 1707, Sir Charles 1714, Sir Lorenzo 1726, and lastly Sir George in 1743. He is commemorated opposite his predecessors in the altogether charming monument by Annis, a little known but evidently accomplished London sculptor



7.—MONUMENT TO SIR GEORGE FETTIPLACE, 5TH AND LAST BARONET, 1743. Sculptor, Annis

(Fig. 7). The inscription in the base records that "he shunned the sumptuous pride of life to feed his secret bounty," and his Will established many local charities. Bread is distributed every Sunday in the church; £6 a year is to be devoted to buying six green coats for old men (now it will buy only one, coupons admitting, but Fettiplace coats are still to be seen on a cold day); the school was well endowed, and two places at Christ's Hospital can be won by Swinbrook children. A small treat provided by the Charity was, before the war, spent on a yearly visit by the school children to Stratford to see the Shakespeare play that they had studied during the term. In return for all this a sermon has to be preached in the church twice a year in memory of the Fettiplace family and of Sir George's favourite sister Mrs. Anne Pyts of Kyre Park, Worcestershire—a beautiful old place rebuilt by her descendants in a charming Georgian style.

On Sir George's death the widespread estates were distributed in the female lines, the heir to Swinbrook being the son of his sister Diana, Charles Bushell of Cleve Prior, Worcestershire, who took the name of Fettiplace. His descendants went completely to the bad. Swinbrook House was let to tenants, one of whom turned out to be a highwayman who made it his base for operations conducted not less than ten miles distant. The last Fettiplace died of apoplexy at the Bull Inn after attending Burford Races in 1805 and thus brought the family finally to an end. The Swinbrook estate was sold to the 1st Lord Redesdale, as described in the article on Asthall, till recently the property of this descendant. At about the same time the



8.—WIDFORD MANOR HOUSE



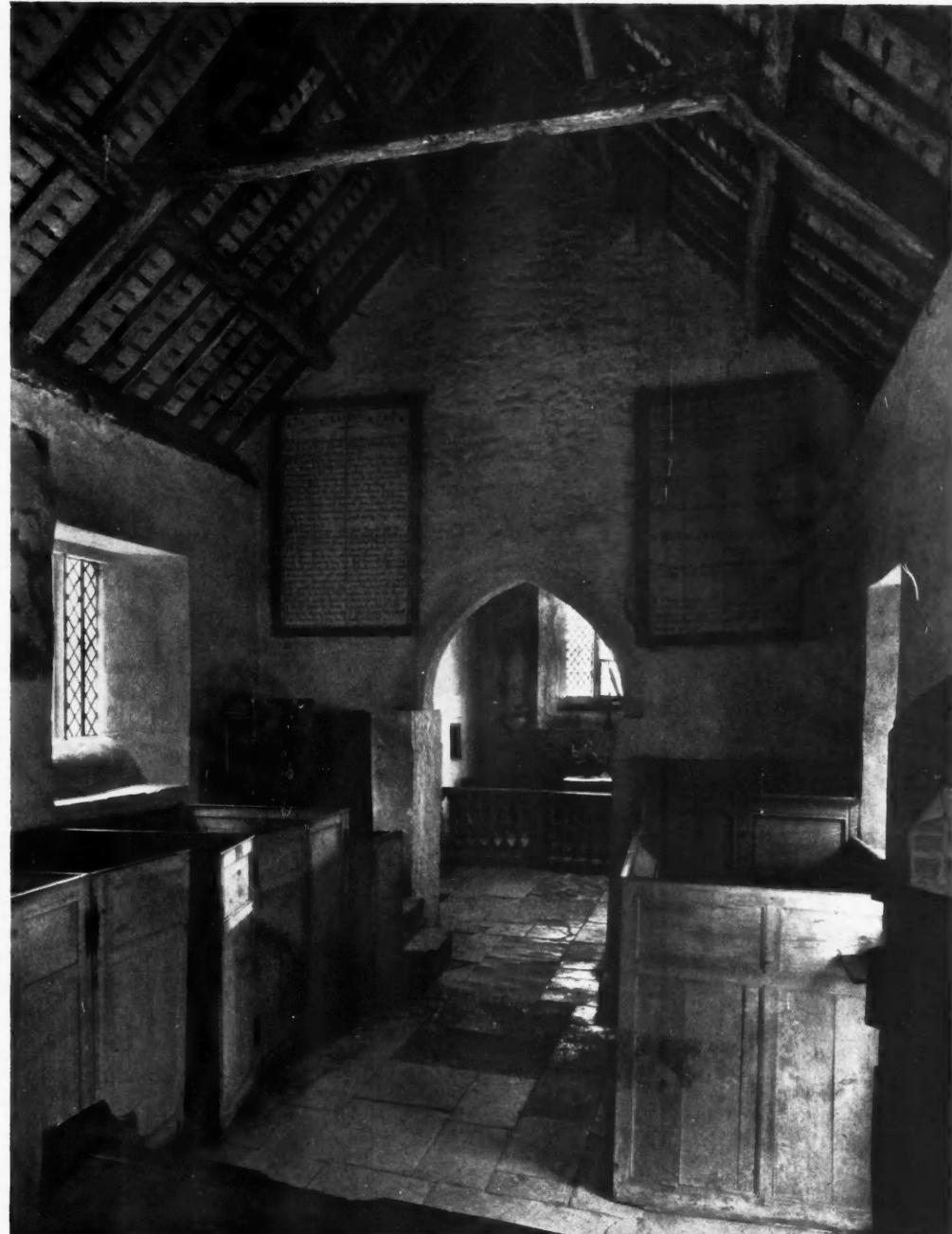
9.—THE LITTLE CHURCH OF ST. OSWALD, WIDFORD

great house was completely demolished, leaving an irreparable gap in the history and topography of this lovely corner of the country.

The crosses the site of it in the fields between Swinbrook and Widford, on the way to Burford. Just beyond what must have been the park wall of the Fettiplace's is the tiny lost church of Widford (Fig. 9). It occupies the site of a Roman villa, the pavement of which has been found beneath the floor. Inside, it has entirely escaped restoration, the old whitewash giving a perfect texture to its uneven walls, adorned, opposite the door, with a Royal Arms dated 1676. The miniature box pews of deal just hold two persons each.

One regains the beaten track by Widford Manor House (Fig. 8), built in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and occupied for 200 years by the Secker family. In view of the long tenure, Lord and Lady Redesdale, who would have liked to make Widford their home on the Swinbrook property in 1916, went to Asthall instead, as previously described. Soon afterwards, however, the 200-year tenancy was terminated by the then occupant.

A footnote not unworthy of this curious history: the pews in Swinbrook Church were put in by Lord Redesdale from Mr. C. E. Bateman's designs, in memory of his father and brothers, being paid for out of a successful bet on his cousin Lord Airlie's Master Robert, winner of the Grand National in 1924. The artist was told that a horse must be worked somehow into the design of the pews and one duly appears in a representation of St. George and the Dragon, badge of Lord Redesdale's regiment the Northumberland Fusiliers—probably the only occasion of the national Saints' mount being borrowed for this national event.



10.—THE UNRESTORED INTERIOR OF WIDFORD CHURCH

FISHING MEMORIES

ISOMETIMES wonder how we shall re-act to the resumption of our normal lives: to be our own masters once again; to use our cars with reasonable freedom; to take our guns out of cold storage and to put our rods together. If it is true, as a wise man of the long ago remarked, that "anticipation is the better half of reality," the prospect would be wholly thrilling. But again I wonder.

Most of us are very much more tired than we were in 1939. For my part a lazy holiday, the first in four strenuous years, is all I ask. Not in exploration of new playgrounds as of yore, but in some familiar spot, to recapture perchance the charm of days gone by. When I scan old fishing diaries it seems that their happiest recordings lie not so much in actual catches made as in the circumstances of their making. There are many pictures on my canvas, composite of all the grandeur and the gentleness of Nature, from the Devon trout streams to the Valley of the Wye, from Argyllshire lochs to where the grey stone walls of Connemara reach up to the mountains.

In retrospect below Ben Cruachan I see the river pouring through a gorge, as deep as the stream is wide. The pools are full of salmon, the firmament is alive with midges, and a slippery rock below the falls is the only stance from which one can cast at any length. A

to hang on and pray hard, and I am getting a little dubious about the efficacy of either, when, giving to a slightly increased strain, the salmon, swinging round, makes one last bid for freedom. A mad rush it is, but dead against the current, and a tiring fish swims straight on to his undoing, for Donald is a wizard on his native streams, and, clinging almost literally by the eyebrows to a rock, he gaffs that springer as though gaffing sixteen-pounders were like netting little trout.

There is not a river which does not hold a memory for someone, echoing back perhaps to days when the capture of a three-ounce trout gave one a thrill comparable to that of a salmon in the later years. Of each and all of these initial ventures a fisherman is born.

I met one one day on the Welsh Marches. His greeting was one large expansive grin; he was very hot and still more dirty, for, having no landing net, he had wallowed in the stream to get his fish. But he had got it—a nice trout of a pound or more, and the details of its capture lost nothing in the telling. Then, remembering his manners as an associate of an honourable fraternity, he enquired of me respectfully: "What luck?"

"None yet," I said, and then, as I looked at him again, I, too, was back at my beginnings. But, whereas my first rod had been a very

right. I tried half-a-dozen different lures, jibbing only at the plebeian worm, without arousing a spark of interest in the fishy parliament. Then suddenly the sun went in and a breeze got up to slit the glassy stillness of the pool. Then, too, the fun began.

Though I will not labour the next hour or two, for since one trout is very like another trout, details of how each meets its end are, if truthful, rather tiresome. Suffice it to say that two or three were lost—the biggest ones, of course—just as two or three flies were sunk and snapped on under-water snags. But then, wet and dishevelled, I sat down to a flask of tea, four of those big trout were in the basket and the biggest weighed two pounds. Before daylight had given way to dusk a little bubbly reach below the big pool yielded yet another brace of smaller fish.

Now I cast back to a Mayo river, and dancing with excitement on the bank is a little girl, Nora, one of my gillie's quiverful of nine, an elf of golden curls and an enigmatic smile in whose company no fishing venture could possibly be dull. A female, rising 12, who can be mute when trout are rising and profuse of sympathy when they are not is a virtue beyond price.

There was a day which failed, as days of early brilliance often do, to keep its promise. It rained, as it can only rain in sight of the

Atlantic, and we spent the morning in a little hut, blessing the shepherd who had erected it, but wishing he had paid a little more attention to the roof. Then, as gradually the mountains cleared of mist, we sallied out to find the stream, like Kishon's brook of old, cascading down in spate. There were fish, as Nora pointed out—plenty of fish, in fact—but the trouble was they saw me long before I spotted them. Even when I knelt, soaking my knees in the lush grass, they saw me still, and when they didn't see me they shot all ways at once in terror of a bright pink petticoat.

Then the sun came out, and it was worse, for the water was thick and bright at one and the same time. Nor was there any natural fly about. I fished large flies and small, dry fly and wet, up-stream, down-stream and across, and the longer I fished the shyer were the trout. It was a morning fit to break an angler's heart.

After lunch, we went downstream again, a dispirited couple, with no hope. It was beginning to rain again, and my responsibility towards a damsel clad in the thinness of garments weighed upon my soul. So, for diversion, I began to tell her fairy tales, pretending that very large and very foolish trout did

of a truth lie under the far bank. I pretended that long casts from behind the cover of a convenient tree, lighting just above their noses, would earn us honours in the records of the river.

St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children—also be it remembered of such as in all innocence pervert the truth—must have been listening, for it fell out even as I had said it would. After a few casts the line went taut. It was a big trout, lightly hooked, which went clean across the pool and gave me a lively ten minutes the while the gillie nearly fell in in her anxiety lest I should lose him. Twice he escaped the net by inches, but the third time, as proverbially, was lucky.

Then we went on happily, and got three more, before an angry sun went down below the mountains. Two were small, but the last victim of the day brought home to us the characteristic gameness of a trout. He went down to the bottom, then up again and then broke right across the stream. To my astonish-



BALLYNAHINCH RIVER, CONNEMARA, CO. GALWAY

prawn is flicked across the pool, swung well under water with the current and worked past a jagged rock in mid-stream to the tail of the rapids. Half way across there is a boil in the water; the reel screeches as twenty yards of line pay out, and the fish is hooked. But how fast hooked? That is the point. This is no easy place to play a fish. You cannot hold him up hoping for the current to drown him. You cannot follow him along the bank where no bank is, nor can you scale a solid wall of rock and get above him. You cannot even lead him into quiet water. You must fight your salmon to a finish in a current which gives him six to four the best of every circumstance.

The salmon of my picture is no fool. Maybe he has been hooked before in this same place, for, with commendable strategy, he bores deep down and pulls me 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis—the great rock in mid-stream and the more precipitous shoulder of the gorge—on either of which, in touching, he can break me in a second. There is nothing to be done except

primitive affair, this lad carried a split cane, and I had known by sight few flies at the age when he displayed a young portmanteau full.

"You try the gully yonder," he said to me, "where I got this." Out of the mouths of babes, I thought, but—well, why not? The wisest men can never be too old to learn.

Beside a deep dark pool the youngster flattened out and motioned me to look under the bank. The trout were there, four or five real big 'uns, motionless save for a gentle twitching of their tails. A ray of sunshine caught them now and then, making them look even bigger than they were. But how, save with a dry fly, to get them in this gin-clear water, set a puzzle. I turned to my young friend.

"Flies are no use," said he, "Worms are the proper diet for those chaps." And with a last "Good luck" he got up and went whistling away.

For a few minutes I watched him until his cheerful whistle died away. Then I forgot everything except those fish. The boy was

ment, he swam straight at me, and, as I reeled up, in one flash he went straight down the rapids almost between my legs. The rod yielded, the line flew out again, but, with my back to the fish and none too firm a foothold, I was helpless.

As I levered myself up to reel in, and in so doing sat down more abruptly than elegantly in the shallows, there, thirty yards below, was my faithful handmaid, sprawling along an over-hanging branch, the fish already in her net. I never recollect a brighter ending to a day so inauspiciously begun. I never saw a gillie, as wet and bedraggled as mine was, enjoy things more, and without whiskey too. But I made up for that, and drank a double ration to the partnership. Thereat Nora looked up at me with that enchanting smile, and said her I could drink as much again. Knowing Hughie, I believe her.

One last picture, marking the close of one of the most memorable of all my fishing days. A Summer night is gathering over Inagh, the loveliest, loveliest lough in all that lovely land of Connemara, where the Twelve Bens rise sheer from either shore. There are 23 sea trout and a little grilse in the boat, and the air is so still that even the oar splashes echo back to us from off the mountain-sides. Wreaths of pearly mist are gathering on their summits; in shadow lie the lower slopes, and only here and there a shaft of light upon the lough reflects the after-glow.



THE CROLLY RIVER, CO. DONEGAL

Then suddenly, and like the splintering of a mirror with a stone, a leaping salmon breaks at once the dead calm of the water, and the silence of the hills. Hurling upwards like an arrow he describes an almost perfect curve, and as he drops back into the shadows, for a second

he is held in one last rosy gleam of sunlight. And that, I think, transcends, in retrospect at least, the great catch that we made that day, for when I think of Inagh, it is always of one great golden fish from out of Fairylane.

J. B. DROUGHT.

FARMERS' JUDGMENT

A RED flag and a corporal barred the track up the mountain. "Aye, they'll be firing till nigh on two o'clock," he said, in homely Lancashire. There was nothing for it but to push on to the next valley and go that way to the Devil's Bite.

We left our cycles at the farm, where a black and white lamb mistook the children for its mother, and was stroked and picked up, while a turkey, gabbling fussily, flapped up on to the wall to see what was going on and all the ducks hurried in line across the field. At last we got away and followed the stream towards the head of the pass. A farmer overtook us with his dog, a half-trained pup, and the rocks echoed to vain shouts for Carlo to leave off chasing sheep.

"Sure, ye niver do this kind of thing for pleasure?" he asked, eyeing our rucksacks. And when we assured him we did he burst out with: "Oh, Lord, that's the quare thing, so it is!" He himself worked six days on his farm and grudged spending the seventh hunting for sheep all over the mountains, sometimes away over the top and down to the great river, though to-day, he conceded, was "a brave day for thravelling." We explained we were out for the day with lunch to eat on the Devil's Bite. At the mention of lunch the middle child produced an orange, which put our farmer in mind of the good orange jam his wife used to make. "I could niver ate that marmalade though. It was murder to me inside."

We passed an old quarry and a roofless hut where a rusty anvil, for sharpening the quarrymen's tools, still stood. Just below the window where we had all peered in, one of the children picked up a bright heel-plate, newly cast by the farmer, but there was no one in that empty smithy to tack it on for him. Broken blocks of granite, flashing in the sun, lay all around, bad splintery granite for buildings, he said, but good enough for walls. The great waterworks wall, which ran for miles along the watershed, had been built in the days when men plodded up and down these pads to their work and were glad to earn a shilling a day. Better than work in the town, any day. He had only been four times to town himself.

"Bad places," he said. "Only get loss in them. And as for the cinemas, they should all

be blew up, so they should. The desperate waves o' heat that comes out of them, and the devilry they teaches the chilfer!"

I noticed fox droppings and asked if there were many hill foxes about now. Not a terrible lot, he replied, though he had killed one big one last Winter in the snow when he came up with a yellow dog he had then. Another farmer, higher up, turned the fox, and this dog held it by the throat till he came up and gave it six brave strokes with a stick. "We skinned it and sent it away to be cured, and now the woman she wears it round her neck as a fur, so she does."

The quarry track ended and steep rock and heather made further talk difficult. The path we were on was the traditional one for the priests who came up for some service on top. They had the rights of the mountain, which sounded ominous in connection with the name Devil's Bite. At the top, under a slab of stone, was a spring which filled a cup of rock, "as clear as any wather in the world." Just above was the waterworks wall which we climbed. Sitting in sun on the far side we gazed over a great expanse of bog and jagged mountain, with the sea beyond. A breeze brushed the heather and sunlight sparkled on the little tarns. There seemed to be no living creature but ourselves in all that brown and blue landscape. The only sounds were the clink of hammer and chisel where the children, hidden by rocks, chipped "black diamonds" out of the granite, and their excited cries of discovery.

"Well, it's away I should be, after my sheep," said the farmer, and, whistling up Carlo, he set off. We watched them grow smaller and smaller as they dropped down to the great river.

After we had eaten our lunch, rounded off with home-made toffee which had to be chipped out of the tin with a chisel, I climbed the rocks to see if the other valley was clear of firing. Through glasses I could see the troops filing down, the look-out sentry with red flag bringing up the rear.

So I waved the family on and we struggled up over fantastic outcrops of rock, which the devil had missed in his bite, and so down to the now silent valley where we met three farmers, with their dogs, driving the sheep up again.

So pastoral life returned to the valley, as peace will one day return to the world. The youngest found an empty cartridge case and walked behind us whistling down it like a little faun.

At the foot of the valley we rested by a farm and the farmer, whom I knew from field firing here myself a year ago, came out to talk. He was always eager to talk war news, and to-day his theme was the horrors of Belsen Camp.

"D'y'e mind what it says in the Bible when the Lord told Saul to smite the Amalekites and utterly destroy them, and not to spare man or woman or child or baste?"

I nodded.

"Well now, I always thought that was a terrible thing to command. But the Lord He knows best what's in the heart of every man, and He knew what sort of creatures them Amalekites was, and He knows what these Nazis is to-day. Sure that's the way it'll have to be with them. Desthroy them all utterly and spare not, I say!"

He would listen to no practical difficulties. "D'y'e mind Samuel coming along and asking what the bleating of sheep and lowing of oxen meant? And the way it was he sent for Agag and when he stood before him he quartered him —like that?" and he savagely shaped a St. Andrew's cross in the air with his huge hand. He was like some old Covenanter denouncing the enemies of the Lord from pulpit rock. If Samuel was anything like him it was no wonder Agag walked delicately. But Belsen, in this pastoral setting, seemed almost as remote as Amalek, a blot time would wipe out. What did seem permanent was this independent race of hill farmers and their judgment of current affairs, like the rock that withstands all weather.

"I want some of that willow for a bow and arrows," said the middle child, pointing to a willow beside the gate.

"Och, sure the wee man shall have it," said the covenanter, the frown replaced by a genial grin as he drew a great knife out of his pocket and cut the best "oisiers."

So we left him and went on, with "diamonds" in our packs, green weapons of war over our shoulders and the youngest piping us along on his cartridge case. G. R. S.

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S NOTES



WHAT is there about this Summer that recalls so poignantly the cloudy Summer days of a year ago? Those July weeks of 1944 have made a lasting impression on our minds, for I find that others in South-east England, other women at least, are feeling the same emotion, hearing as it were a ghostly echo, like the cuckoo's fading call, that follows all the familiar pageant of Midsummer, and teases the mind with a continual "Do you remember?"

They were the days when our thoughts were absent in Normandy; the days of flying bombs when a misty morning meant wailing sirens, cycling to the village with a tin hat in the bicycle basket, and about everything the suspense and unreality of an approaching thunderstorm. Once again there are wild strawberries in the wood, and I remember that when last I picked them I wondered if they were ripe in the woods around Caen. No one would be gathering them there, those delicate *fraises des bois*, and in the dim, cool places where they grow, at the edge of green corn

fields, young men were dying. The silence of the English wood where I picked was torn by the passage of a "doodle," with its obscene, flaming tail, and when I got back to the house our Irish cook was packing her bags to return to Tipperary, not liking to be left alone with such godless things about. Yet I like to recall that she unpacked her bags the same evening.

Windows and old tiled roofs are long since mended. Even the grey patches in the ceiling plaster are beginning to look like the rest of the house, all equally in need of repair. But I fancy that some of us, so long as we live, whenever the "high Midsummer pomps" return, will spare a thought and a sigh for that last Summer of the war.

* * *

HOW best can one make use of old black-out material? For a portion of mine I have found none better than to make a quilt for the top storey of a beehive, now occupied by a hard-working colony which had swarmed out of its original home and spent all one long morning suspended from a plum tree. The kind and ever ready bee-man, who comes to my help at these crises, was sweeping someone's chimney a mile away. (For true versatility give me a countryman. He might equally well have been found building a wall, sinking a well or mending a motor bicycle.)

The swarm, like a brown sack, hung high out of reach, but the bee-man, with beautifully deft hands, sawed off the branch and carried it down a twenty-rung ladder without spilling a single bee. Later in the day the whole company passed from a straw skep into their new quarters at the steady pace of an incoming tide over the sands. The bees were the colour of brown watered silk, and as they moved, in order to even out their ranks, the bee-man stroked their thousand silken backs with the open palm of his right hand, an action that was almost a caress. To watch him at work was to notice that he had invariably the right materials. Whether he needed a piece of sacking as temporary cover for the brood chamber, or a nail to fasten up one of the split sides of a frame, there it was to hand, so that his movements appeared indolent, almost luxurious in their complete rightness, their suitability for the occasion. But it was I who thought of the black-out quilt. Her "helmet now shall make a hive for bees."

BRACKY FIELD, Ironlatch Field, Long Scrouches up to Poor Man's Shaw in the south-west corner. These are the satisfying names on the old tithe map of 1841, denoting the green hump outside our village, bounded on the west by a tall row of elms where the rooks make their nests every Spring. Soon the rooks will have rival builders since this spot is the future site of our new housing estate. For how many years have the birds watched the cultivation of these fields? They had something else to watch recently, for here, in a corner near the high-road, were held the Victory celebrations. Trestle tables groaned beneath an astonishing array of cakes, excited clusters of children practised three-legged races before taking the course, and a bonfire that appeared a towering monument to all the salvage one had ever thought of, crimsoned the evening sky.

That gave the rookery something to talk about, but there will be more still when the young crops now clothing the great field are replaced by bricks and mortar. We are told that no fewer than a hundred houses will rise on Braky Field and Long Scrouches, and wonder how wisely and well so tremendous a change in village life has been thought out beforehand. Of course the men returning from the war, as well as many others now ill-housed, must have new homes; but do they want so many all in one spot? Such mushroom growth threatens to turn our self-contained village into a dormitory for the nearest town. Will the present shops and bus service prove adequate to the new needs? Can we afford to let so much good farming land go out of cultivation just now? A children's playing field is to be part of the scheme, but is a northern slope the best site?

The homes of our race are so vitally important that one would like to see these grave matters discussed by the whole village in council, with farmers, schoolmaster, shopkeepers and especially fathers and mothers voicing their opinions, not forgetting the doctor and the district nurse. After all, no woman of sense would cut out the collars and cuffs before she had planned her whole costume, or knew the quantity and quality of the stuff she could come by. We are in great need of a Designer to shape the lovely garment of our countryside.

EILUNED LEWIS.

A GOLFING TANTALUS

THERE are some stories which sound exceedingly improbable, even granting the teller a little licence, and then suddenly we find them translated into terms of real life. For instance there is that of the golfer who died and went to the infernal regions. He found a beautiful course and rows of the most admirable clubs, no doubt matched sets, and thought that owing to some mistake of the local authorities he had got to the wrong department, until the horrid truth was explained to him; there were no balls. Something wonderfully like that has happened to a friend of mine, an excellent golfer, in the Army of Italy. He found himself somewhere in Austria and there to his unbounded delight was a nine-hole golf course. It had not been played on since 1943, but the greens had been mown last year and at any rate it was a golf course. The only trouble was that in this story there were neither clubs nor balls. The difficulty of the club was easily got over; a prisoner of war was seen carrying one and was at once relieved of it on the ground that it was a lethal weapon. But there was, at the moment of my friend's writing, still no single ball. He was as a modern Tantalus unable to slake his thirst for a round. So he did what any golfer would do in the circumstances; he performed terrific execution among the buttercups and daisies and has been so energetic that his hands are sore. He seems to have some ultimate hopes of a ball and meanwhile he is perfecting his swing against that so happy event.

He says he is afraid I should not approve

of this. I am sure I do not know why, for assuredly I should have done the same in his place. Let me tell him that when I was young, even younger than he is now, I swung a hole or, to be precise, two holes—one for each foot—in the carpet of my room in the Temple; further than that, when the holes were covered up with a piece of oil-cloth I swung two more through that as well. I do not know that I did my swing any particular good, but at least I kept alive the hope of golf which might otherwise have died between Monday morning and Friday night. I have, however, one suggestion which I venture to make to him. Too much swinging at nothing destroys in some measure, I believe, the gift of timing. It is better to have something to swing at or through, if it be only a rolled-up ball of waste paper which makes a cheerful crack, or a handkerchief tied in a series of knots, with which I knew one most respectable solicitor to practise in his office during the luncheon interval.

Incidentally I have scarcely swung a club myself for some time, but I propose some day to have a swing at my gas-mask. At present I understand that the Home Secretary says I must take care of it, under some vague but fearful penalties, and being a good citizen I am doing so. Some day, however, there may come permission to destroy it, and then what larks! I should like to tee it on the top of its own cardboard box and let fly with an iron. If it is a good swing I shall cut the odious thing to ribbons; and if, as is more likely, it is a bad one, a "scalfy swing" such as would remove a large

divot, I shall at any rate cleave the cardboard box with a loud and explosive sound.

However, the dream of this symbolic shot of mine, which is to prove that peace in Europe has really come, must not distract me from my original text. I cannot help feeling that it is a pity that my friend is already a good and experienced golfer. If he were not, if he had never played at all, he might provide valuable evidence for those who hold that the learner should not be allowed a ball for the first week of his novitiate. I knew one man of a quaint and impish humour who went further than that. He declared that the thing to do was to take no clubs but a box of balls and practise keeping the eye on them in turn. However, I fear that he was a frivolous person who did not take the subject as seriously as it deserved. But I also knew one extremely serious golfer, no mean player and having a head chock full of theories, who got himself a pupil and set to work to train him on the no-ball principle.

The pupil was all that the master's heart could desire. He was young and athletic; he had never tried to play a shot in his life, so that he had a completely virgin mind untouched by theory; he was entirely docile and ready to do what he was told. Day after day he would come down to some quiet corner of the golf course and acquire the perfect swing under his tutor's eye. At the end of an hour or so his club was taken away from him and he was put on his honour not to have a single swing with as much as a poker till the next lesson was due. He made excellent progress; his swing

became ever smoother and more beautiful; his club swept through a dandelion head swiftly and rhythmically, and at last there came the great day when he should be allowed to hit a real ball. The master teed it for him with trembling fingers; he was not in the least ball-shy but swished through it as if it had been a pat of butter, and away flew the ball far down the course. Another ball was teed and again it sped like an arrow. There were naturally some fluctuations and he was not, I believe, quite so successful with iron as with wood; but still the pupil seemed likely to justify his master's faith in a remarkable degree. Then some purely personal circumstances took him away from golf, and how great he would have become or whether he would ever have been great at all we shall never know.

At any rate this champion that might have been had no dearth of real balls to hit when the moment arrived; but suppose that somehow, by hook or by crook, my friend gets just

one ball, will his swing, so carefully cultivated on the empty air, stand the test? Rather will he be so terribly frightened of hitting it into the lake—for there is a lake near his course—that something ineffably horrible may happen. I should not wonder if he even missed the globe. I possess a single precious feather ball, an authentic specimen bearing the awful name of Allan, and I once played a single stroke with it on my lawn. It was but the shortest of pitches with a mashie-niblick, but the sweat poured from my brow, I could scarcely hold the club, and why I did not socket that ball into an adjacent tree I cannot imagine. In fact I played a perfectly mild and blameless little "shottie" down the middle of the lawn, but the danger had been too great and I never attempted such a piece of profanity again.

If I were in my correspondent's place I should run no risks but put up a net and wallop that single ball into it at the shortest possible

range. A net, as Mr. Pecksniff remarked of a pump, "is very chaste practice." It is true that the practiser is not very sure how well or how ill he has hit the ball. Doubtless the experienced teacher who is watching him does know; but the player himself may credit himself with the ideal shot, whereas the ball, if left to its own devices, would have developed the most hideous eccentricities. Therein lies the danger of a net; it is apt to encourage hopes that will never be realised. On the other hand it has, in my small experience, one great merit; since he has no anxiety as to where the ball is going the player is likely to keep his head still and his eye on the ball; he will take his time, will not start coming down before he has finished going up and will, generally speaking, behave himself. Whether this good behaviour will stand the test of freedom or whether he will be like a convict, who is full of repentance behind the prison bars but relapses when he gets out again, I am not prepared to say.

AUTO-HOUSING: A RURAL EXPERIMENT

By A. S. G. BUTLER

THE name auto-housing is what the late Lord Lothian gave to an experiment I made in 1918 on being invalidated out of the Army. He—Mr. Philip Kerr the—I thought the idea of returned soldiers building their own houses deserved some public encouragement.

There was some idea of the then Minister of Reconstruction being interested because building your own house in a country district might (1) contribute to a solution of the shortage of houses in 1919; (2) be inexpensive; (3) meet the wishes of men back from the war who wanted to continue an open-air life; (4) have a generally placating effect by providing interesting work with the ultimate ownership of a house and a bit of land. Moreover it was no more than a revival of what most people did in our villages up to the nineteenth century and even later.

By building your own house I do not mean buying a site and paying for a house to be put on it. Nor do I mean a shed-like structure to be put up in a few evenings. It means—and meant when I did it—working full-time yourself with one or, at the most, two helpers and putting up a solid two-storey dwelling in a traditional manner—a permanent structure, that is, to last sixty years or more and all according to the local bye-laws.

The photograph here is taken from an account of this venture which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE twenty-six years ago. A short summary of the facts might be appropriate to the present time—possibly more so than then.

The work began in Buckinghamshire in 1918 when the war was in its most critical period and restrictions on the use of labour and material were tight. It took another man and me eight months to build the house.

I had been a budding architect in 1914 and he—an invalided R.E. sergeant—had been a foreman bricklayer. Our combined knowledge, therefore, was helpful. But we were both weak after months in hospital and rarely did more than six hours' work a day. And as neither of us could carry a hod, the bricks had to be pulled up slowly in a basket slung over a pulley. We also found that mixing concrete, mortar and plaster was not a thing to rush at.

I obtained a permit from the Government to use a little timber. That provided enough to construct the roof and first floor. The ground floor had to be tiled. It also allowed a small local builder (with nothing else on hand) to make the doors and windows for me to build in. Much of my time was spent in wheeling things from his works to the job in a barrow. Ten weeks went in levelling the site (a steep slope) and digging out a cess-pool.

This cottage looks rather large, because it is long and narrow. It had to be, because it is easier for two men to put a roof on a narrow house than on a wide one. It flops about less in the initial stages. Also the eaves look skimped. But it saved eighty feet of precious rafters to cut them short like that.



THE COMPLETED BUILDING FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

The area of the ground floor is 745 square feet. It contains a living-room, a small study (or bedroom), a kitchen, larder and coal place under the stairs. Above this, there are one large bedroom, two small ones and a bathroom with w.c. and basin in it. There are also a number of built-in cupboards and a useful loft for surplus furniture. There is a kitchen range providing hot water, and, of course, a sink. The fixing of these and a certain amount of plumbing were done by an elderly fitter who appeared, with his tools, at the opportune moment.

The cost of the whole of the materials, including the joinery, kitchen range and bath, was £394. There were in addition the wages of the R.E. sergeant, some carting and hire of plant. But the £394 is the interesting figure, for, suppose some Authority or Department provided the land, the plant and carting, then maintained a man while he was building, the sum for materials can be taken as a basis for calculation. It would be now, I suppose, £540 or so for a house slightly smaller in dimensions, but with the same accommodation. It is conceivable then that four could be built in a row, with three party-walls, for roughly £500 each. If that was done by four selected men with the right incentive and under firm but kindly guidance, they might complete their group in four months and move their families in. It

would mean, doubtless, a short course in elementary building (all trades), some standardisation of internal arrangements, the adroit use of local material in its traditional idiom and the organization of doors, windows and the other ready-made items to arrive at the moment they were needed.

What struck me most forcibly about the experiment I made was the absence of anything mysterious or excessively difficult in the building of a simple house, given just a little knowledge. And that opinion has been reinforced since I told a Norfolk fisherman to build me one near his coast. He did it—a little ruggedly perhaps—but quite successfully with the help of large-scale isometric working-drawings. That place was very remote and a pale flame of the old tradition of housing yourself still lingered. It might even now be fanned in other country districts. Men who can bridge the Rhine in a few hours may not be so helpless as they are expected to be in our hives of bureaucracy.

The slogan is Buy a Spade and Build a House, for it is as simple as that; and it might be revived as a rural industry dissociated to a great extent from its parent building, if it was done with the real collaboration of landowners, contractors, unions, the architectural profession, the Service chiefs and the Government.

CORRESPONDENCE

FRIENDS OF THE ABBEY

SIR.—The most interesting article and photographs in your issue of July 6 commemorating the seven-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Westminster Abbey is a happy reminder of the glories of that Church of God so miraculously spared from destruction.

The Abbey in its early days must have been a splendid building, beautified by the wealth diverted to it by Henry III and by the offerings of the pious. Since the Dissolution its revenues have no doubt considerably decreased, in common with so many other ecclesiastical foundations.

Nevertheless it is sad to see in what a poor condition parts of the fabric are, especially in the remains of the monastic buildings. It is well known that certain churches, especially cathedrals, have formed societies, e.g. Friends of Canterbury Cathedral, which collect funds and, under the direction of responsible authorities and experts, assist in the restoration and maintenance of the fabric. The value of the work of such societies is apparent to those who know churches where they function. Can one hope that such a society could be formed for Westminster Abbey, which as the Shrine of Nation and Empire has so many friends in all parts of the world?—G. C. MEAD, 55, Oakfield Court, Haslemere Road, Crouch End, N.8.

A COLLECTION OF JUGS

SIR.—I am sending a photograph of a collection of miniature jugs which were given to Hereford Museum shortly after the outbreak of war, and which have now been placed on exhibition. These were collected by the donor from all parts of the world, every one being a perfect reproduction of full-sized originals. Many were especially made for this collection in pottery, glass and silver. There are nearly one thousand examples measuring from $\frac{1}{8}$ in. to 3 ins. in height, and all go into a showcase measuring 35 ins. wide.

Of course not all are visible in the print. Many are upon the shelves at the sides.—F. C. MORGAN, *The City Library, Hereford*.

THE HISTORIC BUILDINGS OF THE U.S.A.

SIR.—I have just seen COUNTRY LIFE for March 9 and would like to take exception to the American soldier's statement when visiting Cambridge that: "in my country when we have anything old we pull it down and build something useful." Most Americans know very little about their own country. In no country is the past so respected.

The United States has been the world's pioneer in protecting its historic buildings. The Trustees of Public Reservations of Massachusetts, of which I have the privilege of being the only English honorary member, was founded three years before the National Trust, which was modelled on it. The federal government has its national parks, the States have their State parks, and there are innumerable private and patriotic preservation societies.

Mr. Hamilton Kerr's article on Newport in the same issue was quite delightful. I was present on the occasion on which he met Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, and do not think he makes quite clear her reference to the hanging of the Abolitionist, John Brown (*John Brown's Body*) and what a wonderful link with the past this accomplished lady provides. Mrs. Elliott is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe who wrote *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* during the war between the States. In 1859 Mrs. Elliott tried to persuade her mother to intervene

on Brown's behalf. Mrs. Elliott's father was a friend of Lafayette (himself a friend of George Washington!); Dr. Howe was present at the battle of Missolonghi in which Byron died.

People at Newport die with some reluctance. A few years ago my wife and I gave there a mainly nonagenarian luncheon party. Those present included: Mr. Parry Belmond, the Prince of Wales's host on his first visit to the U.S.A., who told us he first exercised the federal vote in 1870, Mrs. Elliott, and Grenville Kane who had known Longfellow. All these had just come in from their morning swim! The youngest of our guests, about 20 years younger than the others, was the septuagenarian Sir Wilfrid Grenfell.—ERIC UNDERWOOD, *Boston, Mass., U.S.A.*

BREEDING FROM LAMBS IN THEIR FIRST SEASON

SIR.—Owing to war conditions and the increase of arable farming there has been a big reduction in store stock for feeding, both in sheep and in the right class of feeding cattle. This reduction is particularly marked in breeding ewes and in such sheep as Leicester-Cheviots which are extensively used in England for crossing purposes and the breeding of store

Experience has shown that the conditions essential to success are: First, to get the right class of sheep; these should be out of the big class of Sutherlandshire Cheviot ewes and after a good Leicester ram bred in the North of Scotland. It is of the greatest importance that they come from high-class flocks of outstanding quality free from scrapie or other hereditary diseases with a well-established reputation for producing lambs suitable for early breeding.

The rams should be bred in the far North from virile stock and unquestionably free from any taint of scrapie.

It is always best to buy them at the early sales where the first-draw lambs from the best flocks are sold. These are the cream of our young sheep and grow into ewes of great character and quality. It is also important that they should be sent down to England early in the season as the change to the South does them a great deal of good and they grow very quickly. The right class of lamb sent down in August and put on to suitable keep will be as big as an average gimmer by the time they are mated in November.

The class of land suitable for them would be, broadly speaking, the type of land on which young sheep of any of your native breeds or Downs

Deaths in first twelve months, 2. I understand these sheep gave a yield of 175 per cent. in their second crop.

The Leicester-Cheviot will cross well with most native breeds, such as the Suffolk, South Down, Hampshire and Oxford, but the most suitable mate for ewe lambs is a Suffolk one or two-shear ram. Care should be taken to use a ram with not too coarse a head, and in no case should a ram lamb be used.

Lambing is not generally more difficult with ewe lambs than with maiden ewes a year older. They make good mothers, take to their lambs readily. They will cross readily with all Down breeds, but a Suffolk one or two-shear ram is the most suitable mate for them.

As the best class of ewe lambs cost a lot less than the best class of yearling ewe no depreciation has to be written off them as in the case of older sheep.

An average estimate of lamb production in breeding from ewe lambs should be:

Ewe lamb in first season, say 75 per cent (as yearlings).

Second season, say 150 per cent (as 2 years old), or 225 lambs

As against, say 110 from young ewes not bred from till they are yearlings.

I know that there are people who do not hold with this practice, but this is probably because they have used the wrong type of sheep on unsuitable land and not got them down in time.

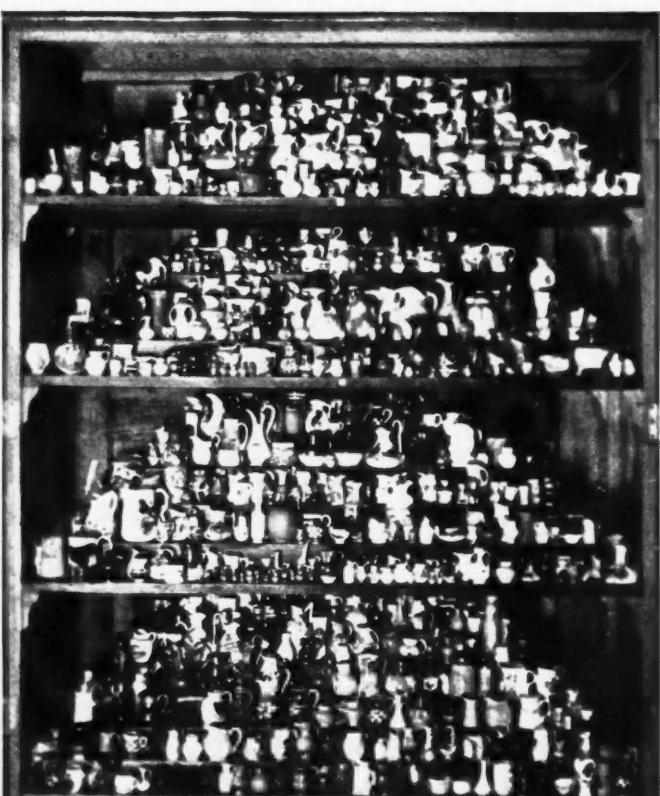
The above facts speak for themselves. Provided the above conditions are complied with and common sense is used with good shepherding and management, I know of no reason why this practice should not be more widely followed and similar results obtained.—T. A. McARTHUR, *Kinnel House, Strathpeffer, Ross*.

BUTTERFLIES ON AN ITALIAN MOUNTAIN

SIR.—On June 1, on reaching the top of an Italian mountain of some considerable height, I noticed that the area was quite untouched, and the whole place seemed to be alive with exotic coloured butterflies. I paused a moment to determine their particular kind. Amid many green and purple hairstreaks, red admirals, large tortoiseshells, painted ladies, and blues of every variety, I was somewhat shaken to espouse what looked to be a large copper, which I immediately flipped into the long grass with my hand, having no other means of capturing the prize, and nipped him below the head in the approved style as in my young days. If I recollect rightly this species has long been extinct in the British Isles, so I am wondering if this specimen is only an Italian kind of large copper or something else.

I have noticed that Italy has practically every type of British butterfly, and those which I used to consider rare, such as white admirals, Camberwell beauties, wood whites, Bath whites, marbled whites, are very common. I have only discovered two types that cannot be considered of the British variety.—W. J. RICHARDSON (Lieut.), *5th Battalion, No. 1 I.R.T.D., C.M.F.*

[Mr. Hugh Newman, to whom we have submitted our correspondent's enquiry, replies as follows: "There are quite a number of large copper-coloured butterflies that breed on the Continent, that might easily be mistaken by the amateur for the extinct British large copper, *L. dispar*. None of them, however, has such large spotting on the underside, neither is the bluish grey band along the margin



PART OF A COLLECTION OF A THOUSAND MINIATURE JUGS

See letter: A Collection of Jugs

sleep for feeding. In view of the shortage and the importance of increasing production as quickly as possible, a few notes on breeding from Leicester-Cheviot ewe lambs may be of special interest at the present time.

This practice has been carried on in England for many years and, as it saves a whole year's keep and brings young sheep into full production a year earlier, there is a great deal to be said for it in existing circumstances. Under favourable conditions yields up to 100 per cent. can be got from ewe lambs in their first season without stunting their growth or damaging them in later life.

They should be kept from rough old pasture and other land unsuitable for young sheep straight from their mothers. They do well on stubbles and sugar beet tops and of course on young grass.

In order to test this practice a trial was made some years ago at the Royal College of Agriculture with a wagon of ewe lambs sent from here in August, with the following results: Number of ewe lambs purchased in Inverness, 55. Number of ewes in lamb, 48. Number not in lamb, 7. Number of lambs reared at weaning, 52.

of the hind wings as wide as it is in *dispar*. The nearest approach to the British species is *batavus*, known as the Dutch large copper. A good number of years ago this butterfly was introduced into Wicken Fen, the old haunt and one of the last localities known for *dispar*, and it has thrived exceedingly. It has now spread beyond the sanctuary set aside for butterflies and I am told that odd specimens can often be seen during the Summer months in cottage gardens. It is so very like *dispar*, both in colour, size and the spotting and markings on the underside, that only an expert can distinguish this imported variety from the British original, which has not been seen alive in Britain for more than a hundred years. Your correspondent mentions several species of butterfly that do not usually occur on the same type of terrain. It must have been a very remarkable mountain top. But of course the area may have extended over several square miles and contained woodland, downland and even rough pasture. In my travels through Italy, just before the present war, I never came upon such a locality myself, but then maybe I have not the luck of the amateur."—ED.]

A STRANGE BUILDING IN THE SHETLANDS

SIR.—Referring to the letter *From the Shetland Islands* from James Thompson in your issue of June 29, the structure illustrated is a kiln for drying oats to enable the husk or shell to be removed before grinding into meal. They were also used to dry malt.

The drying-floor was made of stones overlaid with straw on which the grain was spread. Peat was used for fuel.

The kilns are quite common in Orkney and Shetland.

The large water-driven mills have kilns for the same purpose but are constructed in a similar fashion to a modern malt kiln.

Details of the kilns and methods of drying and grinding grain in Orkney and Shetland are given in the book *Reminiscences of an Orkney Parish* by John Firth, published by John Rae, Stromness.—J. R. HOWE, Tylehurst, Brockfield Road, York.

TRUMPETERS' HOUSE

SIR.—I was interested to read an account of Trumpeters' House, Richmond (April 21, 1944), built by Richard Hill. He was not the brother of Mrs. Masham, but the statesman and diplomat who became Latin secretary to William and Mary and died in the 1720s as Paymaster of the Forces and Provost of Eton, bequeathing his leasehold house at Richmond to a cousin, Thomas Hill, who was, it is believed, a clergyman. His fortune founded the families of Hill of Hawkestone and Harward of Attingham.

From his papers, sold at Sotheby's early this century, it appears that he was responsible for the furnishing of Hampton Court Palace in 1696-98 and would be thus brought into touch with Sir Christopher Wren who would doubtless have helped his colleague in the designing of his house.

Hill was apparently much in favour with Queen Anne, though a Whig, and a fire-screen worked by her was among his heirlooms. His portrait still, I believe, hangs at Eton.—JOHN R. WHITFIELD, The Park, Tilstock, Whitchurch, Shropshire.

WILD LIFE IN KENYA

SIR.—The delightful article in COUNTRY LIFE of June 22 under the title *Wild Life in Kenya* reminds me of a sketch—reproduced as a postcard—done by the late Lord Baden-Powell of a running rhino. B.P.'s description of the event is as follows:

Here is a sketch of our adventure with a rhino last month in Kenya—1938. When he charged at our car and then turned and



DUNDERAVE CASTLE, A MODEL 3½ INS. HIGH

See letter: A Castle in Miniature

trotted off, we followed and timed him going at 18 miles per hour for about 4 miles. The speed was registered by the car speedometer.—B.P.

—A. G. WADE (Major), Ash Cottage, Bentley, Hampshire.



FROM THE CHOIR OF EXETER

c. 1300

See letter: The Mermaid of Zennor

THE MERMAID OF ZENNOR

SIR.—I think that the legend of the mermaid of Zennor told by Mr. Knight in your issue of June 15 may have been suggested by the carving on the bench-end and not vice versa. Mermaids are fairly common in medieval imagery and it is not at all surprising to find one on a bench-end.

On roof bosses I have recorded some twenty-five examples, and there are, no doubt, more to be discovered. The two best are in the choir at Exeter, c. 1300, where the mermaid is holding her tail, and in the nave at Sherborne, fifteenth century, where she holds the traditional comb and

mirror. According to a guide book, there is another mermaid at Zennor on a bronze dial on the church tower with an inscription: The glory of the world paseth. Paul Quick fecit, 1737.—C. J. P. CAVE, Stoner Hill, Petersfield, Hampshire.

A CASTLE IN MINIATURE

SIR.—The enclosed photograph shows a view of a model of Dunderave Castle, Loch Fyne, Argyll, ancient stronghold of the MacNaughtans.

The model was made by Miss Helen Van der Weyden, a clever water-colour artist. Her Lilliputian work of art has most successfully captured the charm and character of the fine old building. The mediums



FROM THE NAVE AT SHERBORNE, FIFTEENTH CENTURY

See letter: The Mermaid of Zennor

used in the construction of the model included thin cardboard, plasticine, match-sticks, sand, heather-twigs, and sawdust. Its dimensions are: height 3½ ins., circular ground-base 10 ins. in diameter.

Miss Van der Weyden worked



LORD BADEN-POWELL'S RUNNING RHINO

See letter: Wild Life in Kenya

only from a few photographs and a tracing of Sir Robert Lorimer's ground plan (in his restoration of the Castle in 1911) reproduced in the COUNTRY LIFE volume relating to the life and works of that fine architect whose sympathetic restoration of ancient buildings has never been surpassed.

The photograph of the model cannot, unfortunately, do justice to the microscopic detail.—JOHN W. WEIR (Lieut., The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders), Piccadilly, W.1.

CAT AND MAGPIE

SIR.—A curious thing happened when I was on leave in West Staffordshire.

I was cycling along the main Stafford-Newport road in a westerly direction when, about half way between Stafford and Gnosall, my attention was attracted by a magpie hopping about, evidently in a state of excitement, on the topmost branches of a hedgerow hawthorn.

Getting off my bicycle to discover the cause of its excitement, I was amazed to see, in the pasture field bordering the road, a second magpie and a large "marmalade" cat *couchant* in the grass. The magpie on the ground was making short runs at the cat, its courage failing it when it came within about eighteen inches of the cat's front paws—the magpie on the hawthorn keeping watch.

After a few minutes I saw what the "game" was. The cat was feigning injury hoping in this way to entice the magpie just sufficiently close to allow the final pounce. The cat only gave its game away to me by the involuntary twitching of the last three inches of its tail.

I watched this amazing example of feline intelligence for fully five minutes and I am convinced that the magpie was taken in by the cat's pretence, and that ultimately it would have become just too bold.

Unfortunately two other cyclists then arrived, who were quite taken in by the cat's acting, so that they at once went to her rescue, thus of course frightening both magpies away.—RICHARD HODGKINSON (R.E.), B.L.A., Germany.

We think our correspondent was mistaken in his estimate of the situation and that it was the cat which needed assistance. We have seen wild magpies assault a cat and have known tame ones torment them unmercifully. In no case was puss capable of coping with the quick-witted scoundrels, which literally "made circles" round her.—ED.]

THE SHORTAGE OF SWALLOWS

SIR.—In reply to the letter from C. M. B., Wiltshire, published in your issue of June 29, I think he may take comfort. There are more swallows flying around here than we have seen in upwards of 25 years. On a visit to Tenby in the middle of May the number of swallows to be seen was the subject of frequent comment. For the first time swifts have replaced starlings in the eaves of this house and are causing great mental torture to the family cat.—L. W. STEAD, Teddington, Middlesex.

BEN ARTHUR

SIR.—Mr. H. G. Younger wrote in COUNTRY LIFE recently concerning the derivation of the names Arthur's Seat and Ben Arthur.

The greatest authority on Scottish place names is probably Professor W. J. Watson. In his standard work *Celtic Place Names of Scotland* (page 208) he gives it as his opinion that the post-Roman Britons took with them wherever they went the tale of Arthur.

He believes that the best-known "Arthurian" locality is Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh. Beinn Artair (the Cobbler); Aghaidh Artair, "Arthur's Face," a rock on the west side of Glenkinglas in the same district with the likeness of a man's profile; and Sruth Artair,

"Arthur's Stream" in Glassary, Argyll, all commemorate the hero.—SETON GORDON, Upper Duntulm, Isle of Skye.

A WOODEN EFFIGY

SIR,—With reference to a letter from F. J. E., Stamford, Lincolnshire, in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE, regarding a wooden effigy of the fourteenth century at Braybrooke, Northamptonshire, it is not unusual for such effigies to be hollowed out underneath.

In the year 1920 there were ninety-three wooden monumental effigies in England and Wales, and such effigies were carved from a solid block of oak and hollowed out behind to prevent the wood warping.



A NIGERIAN FETISH HAT

See letter : A Strange Head-gear

cavity being filled with charcoal to absorb moisture. They were then sized and given a coat of gesso, upon which could be impressed the desired ornament, which when completed would look like stone.—P. J. T. TEMPLER, Ringwood, Hampton Park, Hereford.

SCRATCHING DOGS

SIR,—Having been troubled by a scratching King Charles spaniel for several Summers, I send you my cure for this complaint. The veterinary surgeon called in said that he could find no reason for the scratching, and added that his practice was full of dogs in a like condition. I now give the dog most mornings a very small quantity of charcoal biscuit; well brush and comb and well rub in

flowers of sulphur all underneath and at the root of the tail daily. I give two small meals a day, not much dog-biscuit, some greens, and it is important for the dog to have two daily actions, one in the morning and another when out for a run in the afternoons.

My dog under this treatment is entirely free from the trouble.—FRANCES L. EVANS, Hampstead, N.W.3.

THE LARGE BLUE BUTTERFLY

SIR,—In what counties in this country is *Lycæna Arion*, that local species, to be found at the present day? It used to be found in several very widely scattered shires in the south of England. In the higher Cotswolds in Gloucestershire, which is still its metropolis, some 30 years ago I captured as many as 300 specimens in two consecutive seasons, although on the average not more than from half a dozen to a dozen individuals could be procured after a close and continuous search in any one year. I compiled a list of about 20 different localities on these hills where I knew definitely it was to be found, although in the majority of them it was very rarely to be met with except in very favourable fine hot seasons, about Midsummer. The most beautiful specimens of this butterfly which I possessed were captured by myself in the Basses Alpes in the south-east of France and resembled miniature *Morphos* in the brilliancy of their metallic lustre. At high elevations in the Swiss Alps and Pyrenees I have collected specimens of a nearly jet black melanic type. The Cotswold examples in their dull blue coloration somewhat resemble those from Central Germany except that they are rather smaller.—WILLIAM HARcourt-BATH, Plymouth.

STRANGE HEAD-GEAR

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a Nigerian boy wearing a hand-carved fetish hat and with tribal marks on his cheeks. Raffia is threaded through little holes in the edge of the hat so that it may be used as a mask, the raffia hiding the face. Curiously enough, the hat itself rather resembles the steel helmet that was air-raid wear in England during the war, although the ornamentation is such as no respectable warden would have tolerated.—M.L., London, N.W.5.

A QUEEN'S MANOR

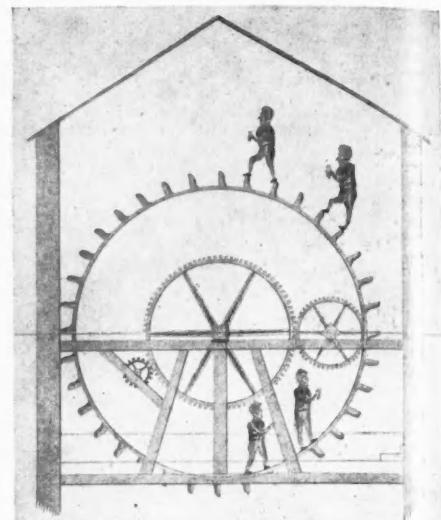
SIR,—The beautiful old manor house at Ditchling known as Anne of Cleves's House, which for some years has been the property of the Sussex Archaeological Society, is at present in the market. The house dates from somewhere about the thirteenth century. It was bequeathed, together with other manors in Sussex, to the unfortunate

queen when Henry divorced her. It is said that Anne was in residence here when she heard the news of the King's death and, although she was then at liberty to return to her own country, she refused to leave the country of her adoption and lived in the land and amid the scenery she had come to love until her death in 1557.—A. P., Hassocks, Sussex.

OLD-TIME PUNISHMENTS

SIR,—You illustrated last week a treadwheel or treadmill used for drawing water: from Colonel Guy Crouch, of Aylesbury, comes this quaint picture of the Aylesbury treadwheel erected in the old county gaol there in 1818. The following inscription relating to the treadwheel was discovered on a paving slab at the County Hall in 1937:

THIS BUILDING containing the Machinery necessary for providing Labour for the convicts in this gaol was begun during the Sheriffalty of GEORGE CARRINGTON, Esqr. of Missenden Abbey, A.D. 1817 By whose active exertions and at whose recommendation this beneficial measure was planned and accomplished under the direction of a Committee composed of the under-mentioned, MAGISTRATES of this COUNTY viz. GEORGE CARRINGTON Esqr. HIGH SHERIFF. THE RIGHT HONBLE LORD NUGENT. THE REV'D.



THE TREADMILL AT WORK

See letter : Old-Time Punishments

I was interested in the conservatism of the fish in its choice of feeding place, as it was at most only a few feet from where it had first been hooked. The fish was rising freely and took a fly of similar pattern to the one lost 24 hours before.—J. HEWISH (Sub-Lieut., R.N.V.R.), Hampshire.

[It is by no means rare for a trout to be caught with a lure in its mouth, but it is interesting to note that this fish succumbed to the same pattern of fly on which it had previously been hooked, and that, despite its experience, it had not left its station.—ED.]



THE WEALD STONE OF WEALDSTONE

See letter : A Middlesex Sarsen Stone

SIR GEORGE LEE BART. WILLIAM SELBY LOWNDES ESQR. THOMAS DIGBY AUBREY ESQR. ROBERT BROWN ESQR. GEORGE ROWLAND MINSHULL ESQR. ACTON CHAPLIN ESQR. THE REV'D WILLIAM GOODALL. THE REV'D G. J. BLOMFIELD. ERECTED A.D. 1818.

One would think that the prisoners' time might have been better employed!—A. G. W., Hampshire.

A FISH'S FEEDING HABITS

SIR,—I do not imagine that the following experience is unique, but it did at any rate appear to be worth recording.

While fishing in the Itchen a few evenings ago I lost a fly in a trout, and the following evening landed a fish of some two pounds, which proved on examination to have the fly lost the previous evening in its mouth. At least, the fly was of the same pattern—a hackle blue upright—and size, and was in good condition.

A MIDDLESEX SARSE STONE

SIR,—Here is a photograph of the huge sarsen stone now embedded in the kerb at Wealdstone, near Harrow. It is reputed to be the original "Weald Stone" which gave its name to the district of Wealdstone.

It was Mr. W. H. Smith, a well-known resident of Harrow, who realised the value of the stone when he incorporated it in the foundations of the Red Lion Inn in 1838. It was later set in its present position.

Geology explains a sarsen stone as a limestone boulder formed during the Glacial Age. In later times they are believed to have been set up as burial stones over the graves of chieftains, etc., usually on the edges of pathways used by the persons they commemorate. Old English folklore asserted that the spirits of the dead thus remained to inspire their followers with courage to face the perils and dangers of the woods which existed then.—P. H. LOVELL, Pinney, Middlesex.



ANNE OF CLEVE'S HOUSE, DITCHLING

See letter : A Queen's Manor

**Here's to
the lucky
GROUPS!**

And to all those beginning to plan their own private operations again. They deserve it, and each has his own ideas on the subject. Lieutenant Commander Smokescreen, for instance, assures us that second to none in his list of priorities is to stand in the Paddock again, sounding the horn. "Now that the Kiel boys are in the bag," he says, "I yearn to hear 'Two to one, bar one!' bawled as it should be bawled. Just think of the vista that lies ahead—from the Spring Meeting at Newmarket to the Manchester November Handicap, with everything on all fours a potential winner. And all the little meetings—Leopardstown, Lewes, Ripon, Thirsk! I ask you! But first, of course, a much-needed day in dry-dock, at



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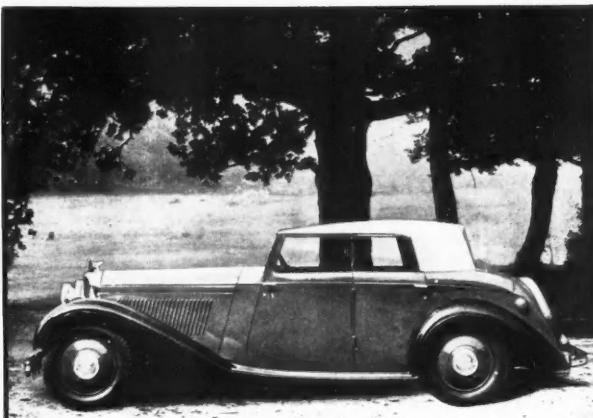


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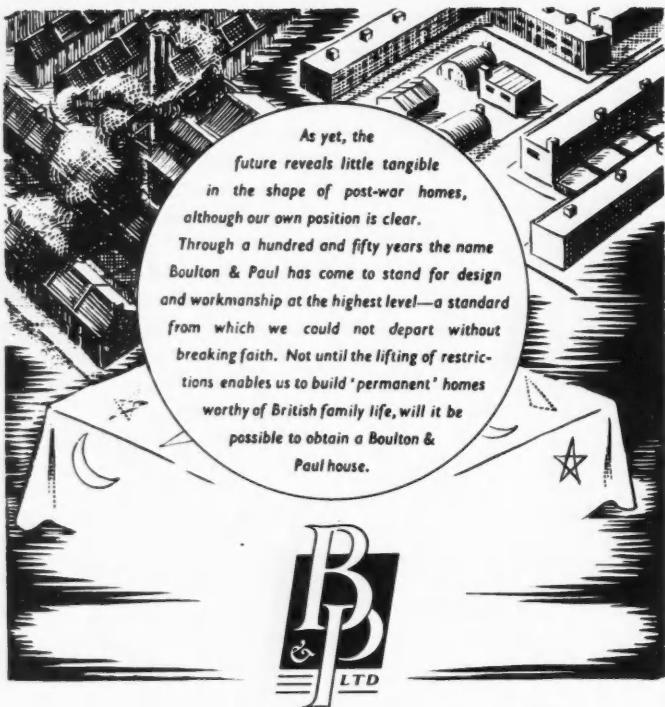


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THE GUERNSEY

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AND RICH BUTTER FAT CONTENT

GUERNSEY - THE GOLDEN BUTTER BREED

The English Guernsey Cattle Society, 98 Wimpole Street, London, W.1.

FARMING NOTES

SOIL SCIENCE

ARICULTURE had strong representation in the party of scientists who recently paid a short visit to Russia to help celebrate the jubilee of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. The agriculturists were Dr. W. G. Ogg, Dr. E. M. Crowther, Dr. Alex Muir and Lord Radnor.

Dr. Ogg and Dr. Crowther are, of course, soil scientists, and it was appropriate that they should have been chosen because Russia has made great progress in the field of soil science. This is indeed the one department of agricultural science in which Russia leads beyond question. The research and investigations made into soil types and their suitability for different kinds of cropping have been most detailed. All this work is, of course, sponsored by the State.

The Soil Situation Here

HERE we have in the war years carried out a farm survey, and before the war a soil utilisation survey had been well begun. These efforts have been sponsored by the Government directly or through the War Agricultural Committees. Rothamsted, which is our chief soil research centre, receives a subvention from the Treasury, but in Britain we rely to a considerable extent on private concerns like Imperial Chemical Industries to carry to the practical stage teachings of fundamental research. I think probably we get quicker results this way. The lessons learned at Jealott's Hill and elsewhere have been well applied through the Technical Development Sub-committees in the counties.

The National Advisory Service

EACH county now has a competent staff, some fuller than others, but there is everywhere a nucleus from which will develop the National Advisory Service under the wing of Professor Scott Watson at the Ministry of Agriculture. This will be a State service. The conditions of employment and rates of salary have not yet been announced, and there is a good deal of uncertainty among the technical staffs in the counties, some of whom, having received tempting offers from private concerns, have already left the public service. It is most desirable that the Government should make up their minds quickly about the future of the Advisory Service, so that those already engaged in the counties and others who are considering this service as a career can know what the future holds. There are a good many men in the Forces who had, before they joined, started a university or college course. Naturally enough, they are impatient to know how soon they will be able to complete their courses and see the future more clearly than they can now.

The Best Allocation of Fertilisers

IT so happens that Dr. Crowther, one of those who went to Russia, is also in the news by reason of an excellent pamphlet he has just written for the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society, *Fertilisers During the War and After*. Copies of this can be got from 3, Pierrepont Street, Bath, price 2s. Dr. Crowther is the head of the Chemistry Department at Rothamsted, and one of those chiefly responsible for deciding how the limited quantities of phosphates and potash available during the war could best be allocated between the different crops and soils. There has been no lack of nitrogen as fertiliser in this war. Happily, we had well established in this country the synthetic manufacture of nitrogen needed for explosives as well as fertilisers. I should guess that in the last year or two we have been using at least twice and

probably three times the amount of sulphate of ammonia we did before the war.

Fertiliser Practice

IN his pamphlet Dr. Crowther states that the survey of fertiliser practice made in 1942 showed that about 60 per cent. of the greatly increased cereal acreage received the equivalent of 1½ cwt. of sulphate of ammonia to the acre. This, he says, has been a major contribution to the country's food supply and the farmer's profit. In the years immediately before the war about a million pounds was spent on nitrogenous fertilisers for cereals, resulting in extra crops worth £4,000,000. If an average weight of 1 cwt. of sulphate of ammonia had been used on the pre-war cereal acreage, the extra crop would have been worth £11,000,000 for an outlay of £3,000,000.

Dr. Crowther hopes that we have all learned this lesson by now. He is not so keen on the use of phosphates and potash on cereals grown in the ordinary arable rotation. Indeed, he states that cereals grown on average old arable land in normal crop rotations do not pay for dressings of phosphate and potash. Yet this 1942 survey showed that about 40 per cent. of the cereals received phosphate on an average dressing well above what would be justified for old arable land. This is due in part to the traditional use of compound fertilisers for cereals, especially on farms with only a small proportion of roots.

Potatoes and Fertilisers

THERE is some interesting information for potato-growers in Dr. Crowther's pamphlet. He notes that experienced potato-growers in Cambridgeshire and South Lincolnshire use heavy dressings of fertilisers, commonly 15 cwt. or more to the acre. But many war-time growers have used little or none, even though their soils are intrinsically poorer. Before the war, compound fertilisers for potatoes generally had much more phosphoric acid than either nitrogen or potash and sometimes even more than the sum of the two. Yet results of experiments show that potatoes should receive roughly equal amounts of these three plant foods, at least where dung is used. Dr. Crowther claims that war-time changes in supplies have brought the manuring of potatoes much more closely into line with the needs of the crop. The present fertiliser permit allows 10 cwt. of a mixture supplying 0·7 cwt. N, 0·7 P₂O₅ and 1·2 cwt. K₂O to the acre. The higher proportion of potash is needed on account of the progressive exhaustion of the soil through wartime restrictions and the smaller fraction of the crop receiving good dung.

Dung and Roots

DUNG is more profitable on potatoes than on mangolds and swedes. This is recognised in Eastern Counties, where, on the whole, potatoes receive more dung than other root crops, especially sugar-beet and swedes. For some reason, the greater importance of dung for potatoes than for its physical effects and as a source of nutrients is not so well appreciated in the West, where it is still customary to use more on sugar-beet and much more on mangolds. The practical recommendation for using dung and fertilisers to best advantage is to give the dunged fields fertilisers with less phosphate and potash but with the same nitrogen. Thus sugar-beet and mangolds on land in good heart might receive only a nitrogen fertiliser where dung is used, but would need roughly equal amounts of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash where no dung was available, salt being given in both cases.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

INTERFERENCE WITH CONTRACTS

SELDOM, during all the fundamental alterations that have been proposed or carried out regarding the ownership of real property, has there been such unanimity among experts in condemning anything as can now be witnessed concerning the enquiry about the price of houses. Be it noted that the Minister of Health has not asked his Committee whether there should be control of the price but "to consider and report whether it is practicable to control effectively the selling price of houses with or without vacant possession and to prevent undue financial advantage being taken of the present housing shortage; and if so what measures should be adopted to effect these objects." Admittedly the high and rising prices of houses are causing complaints, but everything is getting dearer.

SELLING PRICES OF HOUSES

SOME weeks ago in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE many of the problems that the suggested control of price would present were examined. It now seems that the intervening period has been devoted by representative bodies of the legal profession and estate agency to the consideration of the subject, and voluminous abstracts of opinion about it have just been submitted to the Committee. The spokesmen for the solicitors probe deeper than the details of the possible working of control, for they urge that control must violate the sanctity of contract, and, if that is so, every one whose affairs directly or indirectly rest on contracts, and that is tantamount to saying the general public, is involved. Apart from tenancy agreements there is the vast number of insurance policies, to say nothing of the innumerable contracts of employment and hire-purchase to consider. Impairing one class of contract implies a threat to others, all the more so since the suggested control of the price of houses necessitates interference with contracts of sale that may have been executed years ago.

AN ARBITRARY VALUATION DATE

FOR the most part the type of house about which so much has been heard is of the range of values of from £500 to £3,000, but the principle inherent in any form of control of prices goes far beyond that, indeed it may apply to the largest mansion, and, accepted as applicable to houses, it would be demanded in reference to other classes of property. It works out in this way: an actual or arbitrary datum line is drawn to represent, not so much the value as the market price at some specified time; sales or other transactions in the property, subsequent to the specified time, may be subject to inspection upon complaint by a purchaser that the price exceeded that indicated by the datum line. Thereupon, by some method not easy to foresee, the vendor is to be ordered to refund to the purchaser all or part of the alleged excess. Even where only a single sale is concerned the problem is not a simple one. Suppose the vendor has remained solvent but has spent the money, are the rest of his assets, if any, to be charged with the repayment? Suppose executors sell at an allegedly excessive price, how can the excess be recovered from them if they have lawfully distributed all the bequests? Suppose that the house was subject to a mortgage based on the figure at which it changed hands, who is to lose the whole or part of the sum that has to be refunded? Scores of complications of

that kind can be imagined, but there is another potent argument against reliance on the price at a particular time as the test of value: namely, that after that time the owner may have made costly improvements. Clearly an army of valuers and inspectors would have to be set up, and as nearly every decision would be contested some adjudicating tribunal would have to determine the matter.

A LACK OF FINALITY

LEGISLATION would be required to create the novel and special rights of claimants, and there would be no finality to proceedings. Presumably vendors would be debarred from contracting out of liability, and the upshot of the whole matter would be, not the sale of houses at the former prices, but no selling at all if it could possibly be avoided. The last state of the market would be worse than the first from the standpoint of persons who want accommodation. The principle as visualised by experts, violates the sanctity of contracts, and cuts across the roots of bargaining. Equally it might be applied to landed property, and conceivably to transactions in stocks and shares. That hypothetical enemy, the speculator, is conjured up as one reason for the proposals, and to frustrate his knavish tricks it is suggested that no re-sale of a house should be lawful within a year or perhaps two or three years of the deal, except in certain normal events which could be proved to have nothing to do with profit-making. A curious consequence of this (and one that none of the organisations attacking the project seems to have seen) might be that a house would remain empty and be commandeered for evacuees. In short, the net effect of interfering with contracts of sale would be a further restriction of the number of properties in the market. Every sort of investor has an interest in opposing what is as at present apparently an unprecedented experiment, and one of the strangest of all the innumerable varieties of control that have been invented since 1939.

BUSINESS OR RESIDENTIAL?

MONG the complications with which owners alike of urban and rural property have to grapple are those due to what is called "zoning." In its simplest form this prescribes a limit of so many houses to an acre, but it may also prohibit the use of property, within a defined area, for certain purposes. It is said that the sale for a large sum of premises in Mayfair has been deferred, if not abandoned, because the contemplated use conflicted with a limitation to purely residential occupation. The only variant allowed would be, it is said, occupation by diplomatic representatives. The high rents and prices now obtainable for West-end premises, that can be converted into offices, are tempting ground landlords to allow this conversion, and the scarcity of accommodation and high rents in what remains available in the City make more and more firms turn their attention to Westminster and Mayfair. Kensington, too, seems likely to see many more of its large mansions adapted for professional or commercial purposes. Meanwhile the position of owners of City sites is worsening, for no progress can be made with rebuilding until the main lines of re-planning are definitely announced. After that the delay in rebuilding will be serious, as intricate questions as to rights of ownership of sites, that may be available or that have been absorbed in street widening and so forth, must be settled.

ARBITER.



Painted by John Wheatley.

JAMES SPENCER is 67 years of age and fifty-six of these have been spent in limestone quarries. Like so many of the Derbyshire limestone quarrymen, he is the son of a quarryman. Two of his three sons are quarrymen and two of his four daughters are married to quarrymen. Up to the present, however, only one of his twelve grandchildren has decided to follow the family tradition, and his only great-grandchild is as yet too young to decide! Even in an industry in which the hereditary element is so strong, Mr. Spencer's family associations constitute something of a record. He himself started work at the age of eleven as a "picker" at a limekiln. At that time the "drawer"—the man who draws out the lime at the bottom of the kiln after the limestone has been burnt—was assisted by two boys, one "full-timer" and one "half-timer". As the hot material was withdrawn from the kiln, the boys had to sort it by picking the lumps of lime out by hand and throwing them into a barrow. Mr. Spencer began as the "half-timer", spending one day at work and the next at school. As he grew older he went into the quarries to follow the craft of stone-filler and worked alongside his father. A Territorial soldier, he went to France early in the war of 1914-1918 with the Sherwood Foresters, but was transferred in 1916 to the Royal Engineers as a skilled quarryman. He went to a limestone quarry near Boulogne which was producing stone for the road metal for allied military roads, and was put in charge of a compressed-air rock-drill boring holes for blasting purposes. He was demobilized in 1918 and returned to his native Dove Holes and his old job as a stone-filler. In 1942 he was eligible to retire on pension, but volunteered to stay on because of the essential character of his work. This had to do with the development of the P.I.A.T.—for which I.C.I. were responsible—and involved moving the heavy iron target against which the weapon was tested in a quarry.



"I'm
not a
werewolf"



Werewolves, they say, can change themselves from bipeds to quadrupeds with the greatest of ease. But sheep are sheep the world over. However, we at Glastonbury have been making discoveries during the war about sheepskin. We have learned how to make it so soft and silky that even an experienced ewe, the mother of six, could not tell her own lambkin's pelt after we have treated it. You wait! After the war, your Glastonbury's—overshoes, boots and slippers—will be softer, cosier, and daintier than ever.

MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS



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corundum crystals, each a minute precious stone which, with a slight impurity to give colour, would be a ruby. K.L.G. Corundite plugs proved to have four to five times the life of an ordinary plug. That is why they were fitted to fighter aircraft in the Battle of Britain.

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NEW BOOKS

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT ENGLAND

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

A FEW months ago I saw a Chinese dish in the window of an "antiques" shop; and I mean that I *saw* it. From all that surrounded it, it stood out with its own emphasis, with a beauty that was not diminished but enhanced by the imperfections which a machine would have smoothed away. Now that it has been for some time daily under my eye, in my own house, I tend to see it less clearly. It suffers from the disability of familiar things: it is taken for granted.

As with a small thing, so with a great one. I have just returned from a visit to Wells, where my room win-

all who read this. I shall confine myself to what he has to say about the war and the English destiny when the war is over. He writes not as a chauvinistic Frenchman but as a European, and it is his conviction that England's true destiny is towards integration in Europe, not towards withdrawal from it. He is a traditionalist and he sees the task of civilisation to be the repairing of weak links, not the scrapping of the chain which binds us to our past. This task is best achieved not by dogmatic and "ideological" views which would set up in one grandiose "plan" a conception of human conduct, but by recognising

THE ENGLISH WAY. By Pierre Maillaud
(Oxford University Press, 10s. 6d.)

THE MAKING OF RUSSIA. By Alexei Tolstoy
(Hutchinson, 6s.)

dow looked upon the beauty of the cathedral's west front. At first, I would stand at gaze for a long time, but already, before a week was out, I was not looking at the cathedral so much.

THE NATIONAL BEING

So it is with the greatest thing of all: the national being. Born into it, it may be that some of us *never* see it; and that is what gives value to foreign observation, to the vision that comes anew upon the task and the delight of assessment and appreciation. For these, among many other sound reasons, Mr. Pierre Maillaud's book *The English Way* (Oxford University Press, 10s. 6d.) deserves wide attention.

This is not a tourist's glance at the superficially apparent. Mr. Maillaud has lived among us since before the war, and during the war he has been one of the Frenchmen who, from England, stimulated the hearts of Frenchmen remaining in France. Now, with this book, he stimulates the hearts of Englishmen. At any rate, he stimulated mine. I like being liked, and, by and large, Mr. Maillaud likes us: not uncritically. The best thing about the book is that it looks at us all round, notes the warts on our noses as well as the rose-bloom on our cheeks, and decides that, on the whole, we could be worse.

It is a book that may well fill some of us with shame, for Mr. Maillaud has more knowledge of what we have been up to—he has met more of our public men—he has examined more deeply into the processes and tendencies of our religious and secular institutions—than many of us have done. And he has a fine grip of our language. He writes in English with a Latin lucidity. When he speaks of the "whim and imaginative moodiness" of many Englishmen, you see with what precision he can express a correct diagnosis.

I do not intend to examine here all that he has to say about us and our doings, though I sincerely commend the examination as profitable to

that human conduct must be human, and that the essence of humanity is its diversity and flexibility.

Without the recognition of this diversity, he insists, there can be no liberty; and, also, he poses the interesting question of how far liberty and "equality" can co-exist. "Should we purchase economic equality by the sacrifice of the individual, all that is meant by Western Civilisation would be doomed."

It was for the conception of diverse Western Civilisation that England stood in 1940—for "what was essentially Western in her, whether or not in a specifically English way. What she fought for was not a social or political state of things open to criticism like any other, but her right to alter the state of things in her own way, according to her own conception of development." Indeed, it might be said of all the powers that ranged themselves against Germany that "each was protecting, not its perfection, which exists nowhere, but its right to remain perfectible according to its own lights," for "it is the will to impose uniformity or human subservience which represents barbarism."

THE INDIVIDUAL

The two problems that agitate Mr. Maillaud's mind are: to what extent, when the struggle is done, will England continue to see the importance of diversity, the supreme excellence of a society of individuals as opposed to a bureaucratic State? and: to what extent will England continue, not with aloof benevolence to interest herself in Europe, but, to identify herself fully in Europe with Western civilisation?

"For England to lie hesitatingly at anchor on the edge of Europe would mean that she was relaxing in her struggle at the very moment when she was most needed, and when she herself needed most. The way of life which she succeeded in retaining, when kindred nations were overcome, forms part of the flare path of the Western Europe of to-morrow. Her own lights

must not be put out just when these kindred nations are beginning to light theirs after years of darkness, for the path is still full of perils."

THE INVADER OF RUSSIA

It should be borne in mind when reading the late Alexei Tolstoy's *The Making of Russia* (Hutchinson, 6s.) that it was written for Russians, not Englishmen; that it was written when the German pressure upon Russia was still severe, and, above all, that it was intended to stimulate the hearts and minds of the people in an invaded country. For all that we have suffered, we have never been invaded, and it remains difficult for any Englishman to understand the state of mind engendered by seeing not the consequences of enemy action, which we have seen fully enough, but the enemy himself, insolently lording it over our doorsteps and at our hearths.

These considerations explain what will seem to many of us the note of exaggerated rage, the frequent overstatement and false statement, that justify the book as a piece of international, as distinct from Russian, reading. It is a series of newspaper articles, written, as the circumstances made inevitable, without any objective sense. It is full of this sort of thing: "The Germans also love the music of wind instruments and obscene literature which makes them laugh loudly; they are very fond of jokes which people of non-German nationality cannot understand, for these jokes are like the flat cakes that fall to the ground from under a cow's tail." A German is "a two-legged animal distinguished from an orangutan only by a taste for tobacco and strong liquors."

The worst of these silly generalisations is this: "The German is patient. If for instance he falls in love with a girl, he will wait ten years for her if need be, until they have saved up enough money for the wedding, he by savings or business deals, she, as often as not, by working in a brothel." Now, "as often as not" means fifty-fifty; so that what this absurd statement comes to is that half the German women who can't marry just when they want to become prostitutes.

Further, "we needn't look to the credit of the Germans those distant times when they had a Bach and a Beethoven, a Goethe and Schiller, a Kant and a Hegel." Why not, when the Russians are beginning to rediscover and glory in those distant times when they had a Peter the Great and an Ivan the Terrible? The only hope for the Germans is that we should re-direct them to these conduits of sanity, not insist that they are silted for ever.

It is interesting to see how the

RIDING AMONG SWALLOWS

THIS knife-winged swallows
Cut my sight:
They clip across my cantering
And wind about my way;
They circle round my circling horse,
Turning my thoughts aside
With their flight low over the grass
To where they flicker and flash
Over the swirling stream,
Turning my thoughts aside,
To swoop with them over the stream
To the curving heights of the hills.
Like arrows
Fly the swallows
Turning my thoughts aside
Over the distant hills.
Like arrows
Fly my thoughts
Flickering like swallows
Over the hills and seas.

Like arrows and like swallows
From the circling of my cantering
My thoughts are turned aside
To swoop low over the stream,
Over the seas and the hills,
To the far fields where my
darling
Rides among the swallows
That flicker over the grass,
Over the swathes of the new mown
hay,
Under the moon's pale circlet
In this golden fire of the sun.
Caught by the flickering arrows,
And bound by their winding way,
I canter among swallows
In the morning by Damascus
And in England far away.

BRYAN GUINNESS.

war affected the Russian attitude to many matters. Here is one indicating the birth of the new Russian *elite*: "The war demanded respect for the officer's uniform, the elimination for ever of demagogic and spurious democracy. Now you can no longer slouch up to, say, your battalion commander and negligently light a fag from his in a matey way. . . . An officer of the Red Army is a god of war."

The English boys, chipping the ice off their guns as they ploughed through the slow agony of the convoys to Murmansk, might raise their eyebrows at Tolstoy's statement: "The Russian people is holding up on its gigantic shoulders all the weight of the world war"; and cynics might smile at the way in which religion can be made to tell either for or against the author's argument. "Christianity, penetrating the Norse world in that age, became a strong weapon in the hands of royalty." "Before the battle of Borodino the Russian soldiers put on clean shirts and the icon of the Vladimir Madonna was brought out to bless Kutuzov's army."

SOME EXCEPTIONS

It is not to be expected that a book written as and when this one was written should deal in exceptions. It sets out to make, as strongly as possible, a broad generalised case, and that for a momentary purpose. But there are exceptions to many of the things stated here. The author is no doubt right in drawing a black picture of the conditions in which "slave labour" worked in Germany. But, on the other side, I was recently told this by an Australian who had been a prisoner in Germany since the days of Crete. He worked for a German woman on a farm. One day a fellow-prisoner, without permission, absented himself, was found by a Nazi official, and brought back to work. The German woman flew in the official's face. "Ernie is a good boy," she shouted. "He has worked hard, and if he wants a day off, what is against that? He shall have it." That "shines like a good deed in a naughty world," but Tolstoy's concern, the book being mere propaganda, is necessarily with a naughty world undiluted. Useful for its own purpose, in its own country, at its own time, it is difficult to see what use it can have in this country now.

Occasionally the writer comes out on top of the propagandist. "Suffering is effective only if it is endured for a lofty purpose. Suffering without a purpose is destructive." And: "As for our deficiencies, of which we have many, we know them all, regret them, and will get rid of them."

That is the best note to end on.

Background can make or mar a snap



Never let background details 'steal the picture' as in the diagram. Choose a background that is simple and either much lighter or much darker than your subject. For portraits, sky makes an ideal background.

When you have no choice and must make the best of a poor background, take care about what is directly behind your subject—snares are so easily spoilt if, for example, things apparently grow out of peoples' heads.

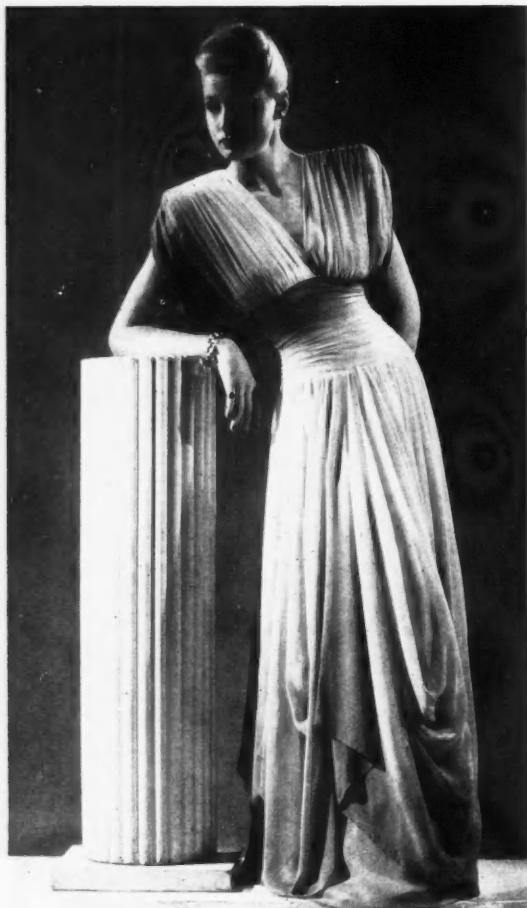
By the way—Moving the camera, even slightly, while you press the shutter prevents the picture from being sharp. Learn to 'click' with a slow pressure of the thumb or finger only—movement of wrist or forearm tends to jog the camera. It is best to stand with feet apart, camera in both hands, and elbows tucked firmly to your sides.



"Kodak" Film is scarce because of war needs, so

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1

These models were shown by the Guild of British Creative Designers for export

BUSTLES and DRAPERY



3

1 Tightly swathed waistband, full gathered bodice and looped skirt, in shaded English chiffon in tones of amber. Mary Black

2 Picture gown in black tulle and taffeta with tight swathed waist, bustle, and red roses on the skirt and in the hair. Mercia

3 Bridal dress in white "Airliner" crêpe embroidered in silver, pearls and diamanté with a high swathed halo of white tulle, a swathed bodice. Baroque



2

EVERYTHING looks swathed in the afternoon and evening fashions shown for the Autumn and Winter—swathed bonnets and turbans, swathed basques, bodices and waistbands appear time and time again on the prettiest models, even afternoon coats are given draped shawl collars. The drapery is drawn tightly round the waist and hips of the dresses to a bustle, or gathered down the front in the centre, or may be placed on the hipline. It looks Grecian, Mediæval, or Eastern as the case may be. Bodices have deep yokes gathered softly, or are folded over and under intricately. Occasionally, a swag of jersey, lamé or velvet twines round an armhole or underlines

Gorringes

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FLASH ★ AT NEW PALATIAL EALING STUDIOS BRITISH ASSOCIATED PICTURES FEATURE YOUNG DYNAMIC STAR

Muriel Pavlow





Spectator

IN THREE STILLS HERWITH PAVLOW SEEN WEARING EXCLUSIVE GOWNS DESIGNED BY WALLACE OF SPECTATOR STOP ★

a neckline, with another draped across the front below the waist to give the effect of a jumper; or a sequined flowered-silk sash moulds a tiny waist with fullness arranged in the skirt as a cascade set to one side below a tight hip yoke.

All these effects are intensified in the models shown for export where no restrictions are placed on the amount of material used. The big *bouffant* skirts of some of the evening dresses are in the romantic tradition of England with their ruffles and bustles; their embroidered satin fichus and underskirts. Some have the accordion pleats or gores of a skirt dancer, with wide jewelled waistbands; some slipper satins are tight, with drapery drawn to the side or back. Dinner dresses have draped and looped skirts with elaborately puffed or gauged sleeves caught by jewelled bands. All show the tiny waist.

The tightly draped waist is not difficult to wear and the present-day closely woven crépes lend themselves admirably to this treatment; incidentally, they are fabrics that do wonders for a heavy hipline. Matt rayon jerseys are coming as soon as more workers are released and are likely to carry the fashion for these draped dresses right through a decade. Every great wholesale house is showing draped afternoon dresses and all-day tailored *ensembles* of dress and jacket in muted greens, stone and beige, translucent greens that have a great deal of blue in them, deeper sage greens with a lot of yellow, warm stone beiges and mushroom browns. Rensita feature jumper suits in fine woollen crépes, with draped basques matched by drapery on the bodice and necklines that are cut to a modest V, just low enough to take a single row of pearls on a bare throat. These jumper dresses have a tiny roll collar. One-piece dresses are collarless and show big draped pockets and cross-over effects on the bodice. An excellent jacket and dress *ensemble* for the Winter is in two tones of sage green, a woollen woven with a narrow broken stripe, and both jacket and dress have envelope flapping and



PHOTOGRAPH: DERMOT CONOLLY
Evening toque designed for this country, in stiffened tulle, made on a crinoline shape that ties on with veiling lapels.

Strassner

cut like cardigans with long sleeves and impeccably tailored. They are six coupons as they are unlined; most useful and becoming over Summer frocks or with the skirt of your tailor-made, and a brilliant square round the throat. Winter jackets are being shown by Molho who has designed his own Utility lamb jackets in shades of brown. He cuts them on square, box lines in three tones of brown or in white faced with white cloth. He also shows beaver lamb boleros, only three coupons and round about twelve pounds.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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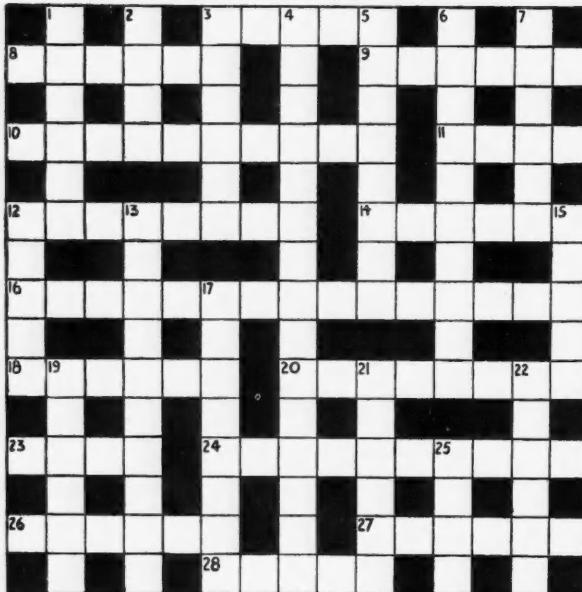
to all parts of the world

PROPERT, BATTERSEA, LONDON

CROSSWORD No. 809

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 806, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the **first post on Thursday, August 2, 1945.**

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
Mr., Mrs., etc.
Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 808. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of July 20, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Signature tunes; 8, Urania; 9, Much ado; 12, Near; 13, Charmingly; 15, Ensue; 16, Belittle; 17, Pad; 18, Caressed; 20, Novel; 23, Run cargoes; 24, Slur; 26, Enlarge; 27, Satrap; 28, Throwing stones. DOWN.—2, Inroads; 3, Nine; 4, Trashy; 5, Remarked; 6, Tacticians; 7, Storytellers; 10, Argot; 11, Intercurrent; 14, Hen sparrow; 16, Bad; 17, Pea-green; 19, Renal; 21, Village; 22, Ceases; 25, Otto.

ACROSS.

3. It wasn't easy to get a word in edgeways in its main building! (5)
8. The reed goes a good way to making it more snug (6)
9. 25's husband has an outsize flag (6)
10. A motorist on the right is curiously this (2, 3, 5)
11. Orpheus with his made trees bow (4)
12. Fourth quarter of the ration period (4, 4)
14. In gown? Untidily (6)
16. Describes the escaped convict (8, 2, 5)
18. Leave (6)
20. Turned to gold? Not as the alchemist would have it (8)
23. The crusader's measure of earth (4)
24. Punctual role of the worm trapper (5, 5)
26. Doorway to Vesuvius (6)
27. Arnold Bennett's lord appears to take the wet weather with him (6)
28. Flood bulwarks (5)

DOWN.

1. Balkan country (6)
2. Beggar's mount (4)
3. Graze (6)
4. It will get done whether hung by the butcher or snared by the shepherd! (2, 4, 2, 5)
5. Lengthy way of putting to sea? (8)
6. "The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"
"She's dead, _____."
—(The Oxford Book of Ballads) (3, 4)
7. Stop in the pumping rod (6)
12. Lurched (5)
13. Bridges wrote one of beauty (10)
15. Acquisitiveness (5)
17. Nor death (anagr.) (3, 5)
19. The coster for company? (6)
21. Strata (6)
22. Come forth (6)
25. Egyptian lady in Oxford (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 807 is

Mrs. A. M. Pigott,
Myrtle Grove, nr. Keighley,
Yorkshire.